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FOR FAMILY USE.

NO SKILL OR PRACTICE NEEDED.

No Clamps Required.

Directions Plain and Simple.



One of the most Powerful Cements in the World.

Although but recently introduced, read what people say of it:—

PHILADELPHIA, PA., 1880.
Being a *grandfather*, with four active grandchildren who are continually breaking their toys and other things, I have found the **Hercules Glue** to be one of the very best preparations for mending broken things I have ever tried, because it is always ready and does not dry up and waste.
WILLIAM H. GARRIGUES.
Firm of Garrigues Brothers, Booksellers, 608 Arch Street.

—:o:—

HE PENNSYLVANIA SCHOOL SUPPLY CO.
518 Arch Street, PHILADELPHIA, *November* 30, 1880.
We have sold the **Hercules Glue** for some time past, and it has given great satisfaction in every instance we have heard from. Have also used it ourselves, and consider it the very best article for the purpose in the market.
J. T. STONE, *Manager*.

—:o:—

KEYSTONE SCHOOL AND CHURCH FURNITURE COMPANY.
PHILADELPHIA, *Nov.* 30, 1880.
We have tested the **Hercules Glue**, and, for the purpose intended, fully believe it has no equal. Many slight accidents are constantly occurring to furniture, which can be readily repaired by it without *clamping* or the necessity of a workman. For a real handy article it excels.
A. F. OLD.

—:o:—

PHILADELPHIA, *Dec.* 8, 1880.
My Dear Sirs.—It affords me much pleasure to testify to the merits of **Hercules Glue**. I have found it particularly useful for attaching *rubber to wood*, for the purpose of printing on blocks; and for this reason consider it especially valuable to the Manufacturers of Rubber Stamps.
Hoping that you will be successful in your endeavors to make its reputation world wide,
I Remain, yours truly,
JAMES P. BRYAN, 1328 Chestnut Street.

—:o:—

PHILADELPHIA, *Dec.* 9, 1880
We cheerfully attest to the merit of **Hercules Glue.** Its exactly what we need,—always ready and effective, does its work well, and does not mould. We have given nearly all the kindred preparations in the market a trial, and unhesitatingly award the palm of superiority to **Hercules.** It alone does all that is claimed for it. We do not see how any one, needing a reliable glue, can well do without it.
SCHREIBER & SON, 831 Arch Street

—:o:—

November 29, 1880
Hercules is no misnomer. A giant in strength —a paragon in usefulness.
A. C. GAW.

—:o:—

PHILADELPHIA, *Dec.* 10, 1880
Gentlemen.—I have used the **Hercules Glue** in my family for some time, and find it very useful for all purposes for which you recommend it.
Yours Truly,
E. G. PASSMORE, 631 Market Street.

—:o:—

PHILADELPHIA, *Jan'ry* 21, 1881
Your **Hercules Glue** needs no endorsement. Only give it a trial, and it will endorse itself.
THOMAS W. STUCKY,
57 North Seventh Street.

—:o:—

NEW YORK, *January* 25, 1881.
Dear Sirs.—After trying my strength on your neat specimen of the sticking qualities of your **Hercules,** I concluded to order a small quantity for home use, where on trial with miscellaneous household goods it did its work most effectually.
Truly Yours,
DANIEL SLOTE, 119 & 121 William Street

—:o:—

PHILADELPHIA, *March 7th*, 1881.
I am using the **Hercules Glue** for fastening Glass in Bronzed and Nickelplated Card-frames, and find it far superior to all others.
THEODORE RUE, 618 Chestnut Street.

—:o:—

Among the many advantages it has over all othes preparations, the most important is, that
☞ **IT WILL KEEP FOR YEARS** ☜
without losing its good qualities, and is always ready for use, making it a valuable article to have in the house. It can be used for cementing Wood, Crockery Ware, China, Glass, Leather, &c. Retail price, 25 cents per Jar.

For sale by all Book-sellers and Stationers.

BAKER, PRATT & CO.,
Wholesale Agents
NO. 19 BOND STREET,
(near Broadway,)
New York.

TO ADVERTISERS.

GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.'S
SELECT LIST OF LOCAL NEWSPAPERS.

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IT IS NOT A CO-OPERATIVE LIST.
IT IS NOT A CHEAP LIST.
IT IS AN HONEST LIST.

The catalogue states exactly what the papers are. When the name of a paper is printed in FULL FACE TYPE it is in every instance the BEST. When printed in CAPITALS it is the ONLY paper in the place. The list gives the population of every town and the circulation of every paper.

The rates charged for advertising are barely one-fifth the publishers' schedule. The price for single States ranges from **$2** to **$80.** The price for one inch one month in the entire list is **$625.** The regular rates of the papers for the same space and time are **$2,980.14.** The list includes **952** newspapers of which **187** are issued **DAILY** and **765 WEEKLY.** They are located in **788** different cities and towns, of which **26** are State Capitals, **363** places of over **5,000** population, and **468** County Seats. For copy of List and other information address
GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.,
10 Spruce St., New York.

The Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME X. NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1881. NUMBER 39.

POETRY.

O! What is Life?

A MEMORIAL POEM.

Lines on the death of Mrs. B. O. Sprague, *nee* Ida B. Hastings, died August 8, 1881, at Marietta, Ohio.

Oh ! What is life but hopes and fears,
Made up of pain and sorrow,
The friends we've looked upon most dear;
We look around they are not here,
Nay, but entombed to-morrow.

Yea, borne by angels over there,
(While kindred hearts are riven),
To mansions Jesus hath prepared,
And fitted up with tender care
Where joys supreme are given.

Awhile we meet and part again,
With swelling bosoms ever;
For broken ties, yet friendship's chain
Extends beyond the rolling main,
Along the placid river.

We've loved ones chanting over there;
Their land of rest we're nearing,
No ills they know or goading care,
No more they shed the parting tear,
Their choral strains how cheering.

But God hath called, we'll let them go,
Nor murmur at His dealing;
They've changed this vale of woe,
A bubble—yea, an empty show,
For brighter scenes revealing.

We miss them—yes from day to day,
We miss those counsels ever;
We miss those smiles and christian ways,
And parting heard them meekly say,
We'll meet beyond the river.

Yea, ranging now the better land
Beyond the mystic river,
We'll no more grasp the friendly hand;
When done with life's remaining sands,
We'll meet, to part! No, never.

O blissful hope—the christian's rest;
There's love and joy forever,
Where Jesus soothes the aching breast,
And gushing fountains never rest
Along that peaceful river.

8—20—81. GRAHAM.
Mutes' Chronicle, please copy.

STORY TELLER.

A CLEVER DOCTOR.

About twenty years ago, the Honorable and Reverend Edward Lambert, a clergyman of the Church of England, found that his health was growing infirm, a moral and physical languor seemed to take possession of him; that English melancholy which comes, no one knows why or wherefore, and he could not shake it off. Young, rich, handsome, eloquent, sure of preferment in the Church—what was the matter with the Honorable and Reverend Edward Lambert.

He did what all Englishmen do when remedies fail—he crossed the channel.

He thought he would seek the rays of the sun, that luminary so scarce in England. Perhaps it was the sun he needed.

So one fine day he sailed for France, and soon found himself in Rouen, where he staid for some days, taking, every morning, a walk around the Cathedral, carrying a volume of Dante under his arm.

One afternoon, he walked up the Mont St. Catharine, and seating himself on the grass gravely devoted himself to the Divine Comedy. He had scarcely lost himself in Dante's stately measure, when a stranger approached, and with the most perfect courtesy addressed him, asking if he were an Englishman, and, if so, if he would permit a few minutes' conversation.

"I wish to perfect myself in your language," said the stranger, smiling, "and I always seize every opportunity to talk to an Englishman."

"You already speak the language fluently," said Mr. Lambert, politely; "sit down Monsieur."

Resting on the turf, with a glorious view before them, the two young men soon found themselves talking glibly of the news of the day, of Dante, of religion, of politics and the weather. The Frenchman was very agreeable, well educated and up to the times on all points; he immediately told Mr. Lambert that he was a doctor, and practicing his profession at Rouen.

It was very natural that the young clergyman should speak to him of his own case, which he did freely, asking the doctor's advice.

The doctor became extremely interested, and, upon examining Mr. Lambert's tongue and pulse, gave him a prescription.

They walked together to Rouen, and Mr. Lambert then noticed that the doctor had a beautiful white dog, a pointer, which gamboled around its master's heels.

They separated as they reached the city, the doctor to go and see his patients, the clergyman to seek an apothecary, where he got his prescription prepared.

The next morning, the Honorable and Reverend Mr. Lambert was better. The doctor's prescription had made him sleep. It had given him strength, he felt an appetite for breakfast. Months of treatment in London at the hands of the best physicians had not done this for him.

He wished to thank and remunerate the doctor, when he remembered that he did not know his name. Instinct told him, however, that he might meet him again on Mont. St. Catharine. So with renewed hope, health, energy, he walked again to the top of the hill. In five minutes he was joined by the French doctor and his dog, who came bounding along with his pointer nose in the grass.

The two men greeted each other with smiles and shook hands cordially.

"You have saved my life, doctor," said Mr. Lambert, with unusual enthusiasm.

"Not at all, not at all, my dear friend," said the doctor: "I only gave you a good tonic, which also made you sleep. I found out (what none of my English brothers in medicine seemed to have found out) that you have nothing the matter with you! Your system needs a little jogging, that is all. Railroad travel my dear friend, will soon set you up. Now, I dare say, you have been leading a very easy and sedentary life, now, haven't you ?"

"It is true, I have."

"Take my advice, travel, ride day and night; take no medicine, excepting these syrups, which I will give you; seek adventure, lead a more varied existence, and my friend—you are all right !"

Now came the delicate question of money, and the Englishman felt for the proverbial guinea

He tendered it to the French doctor, who laughingly pushed it away with a very soft, well formed, white hand.

"Never—never," said he, "for so slight a service; permit me to take my advice a return for 'a lesson, in English conversation !'"

It was gracefully done, and the embarrassed Englishman put his gold back into his pocket.

"Doctor," said he, in a low voice, hesitatingly, "I am an Englishman, and I hate to be under an obligation; you have lifted a load off my heart which has lung there for six months; you have made a new man of me. Now allow me to be of some service to you. I leave here by rail at one o'clock to-morrow morning, for Paris, until then I am at your service—and forever after. Can I do anything for you ?"

The doctor reflected a moment and looked at his dog.

"I don't know, indeed—and yet, I do happen to think of one thing. You might save me from taking a journey to Paris, which with my engagements is just now very inconvenient. But it is asking too much, perhaps."

"What—how—too much ?" said the clergyman.

"Well, I have a number of sick people under my charge whom I treat for disease of the brain. One of these is a very rich woman who is slightly deranged. I hope to have cured her. Unhappily she decided to return to Paris, and I have no authority to detain her. I perceive that she will fret until this caprice is gratified. I must go with her to place her in charge of her friends, and I have been putting off from day to day, because I cannot leave my other patients, the duty of taking her home. Now, if you would escort her, it would be a real service," said the doctor.

"My dear sir, a crazy young woman, at one o'clock at night, and a clergyman of the Church of England," said Mr. Lambert, forgetting his late gratitude.

"Oh, she is forty-six, my dear sir, and her mania is a very quiet one. She looks and acts like a sheep, poor woman, and she will scarcely speak to a stranger. I do not know that she will go with you. The hour is rather early—one in the morning—but still, I might ask her, and it will be a real favor to me."

"Bring her along, doctor," said the clergyman, ashamed of his own reluctance; "bring her along—a *sheep* and *forty-six*; I will take care of your patient to Paris, doctor."

Talking in this way they reached the gates of the city. Before separating, the doctor gave his card to Mr. Lambert.

"*Au revoir*," said he; and perhaps *adieu*, my dear sir. Let me hear from you from time to time; and I hope if we never meet again, that you will retain, as I shall do, an agreeable recollection of our acquaintance. I may not see you again, as my friend may not be willing to go with you—*adieu*."

Mr. Lambert glanced at the doctor's card, feeling anew the embarassment of the possible night journey with an insane woman, and regretting his promise in spite of his gratitude.

He read on the card:

"Dr. de la Belle, rue Antoine: No. 11.

Mr. Lambert walked through the rue Antoine and stopped at No. 11. It was a large and handsome house, with the announcement in black letter on a brass plate, *Docteur de la Belle*.

On arriving at his hotel he asked the landlord if he knew of Dr. de la Belle.

"I believe, sir," said the man, civilly, "he is the best physician in Rouen."

At one o'clock in the morning Mr. Lambert waited with some anxiety in the depot the arrival of the train. Dr. de la Belle had not arrived. The Englishman rubbed his hands with great satisfaction—for he did not care for this particular responsibility—when some one touched him lightly on the on the shoulder.

It was the doctor !

Seated on the bench was a lady in black, with her veil tightly drawn over her face.

"I have taken a coupe," said the doctor, "so you will not be incommodated by other travelers. Here is Madamoiselle's purse, ticket and a little traveling satchel; perhaps she will need something. Have the kindness to show her ticket to the conductor. I have telegraphed to Paris to her friends, who will meet her at the station. Should you find her agitated give her a drop of this essence on sugar; here is the bottle. Monsieur Lambert, Mademoiselle."

He then helped along the invalid lady, and put her in a corner of the coupe. He then, after arranging her with great kindliness, stepped out, held Mr. Lambert by the hands and talked with French effusion, as the officials hurried passengers out and in.

"I trust you will have no trouble, *adieu*," said he, giving a final word of kindness to his fair patient, and arranging her footstool.

"Oh, no ! I dare say not," said Mr. Lambert, bowing to the lady, and taking his seat by her side. "But what a powerful odor there is in the coupe—will it not distrub the lady ?"

"Oh, no ! I think not," said Dr. de La Belle; "I broke a bottle of cologne, as I was helping her in. It will disappear in a few moments."

The train departed; and Mr. Lambert exceedingly wide awake, and who found Dr. de La Belle's cologne very strong, tried to draw his fair friend into conversation. She was separated from him by a high basket of flowers, the doctor's last attention.

The poor insane woman would not answer a word, and from her immovable calm the clergyman concluded she was asleep.

When they arrived at Paris, he determined that she should speak.

"Mademoiselle," said he, in a loud voice, "do awaken and listen to me; I must leave you for a moment to go and find your friends."

He sought a long time, but could not succeed in finding any one who wanted a lady from Rouen.

He came back to the carriage very discontentedly, when, to his intense astonishment, he found a crowd around the compartment where the lady still sat. He went forward to ascertain what was the cause of the excitement.

"Are you the man who traveled from Rouen in the coupe !" said a policeman.

"Yes."

"Do you know that this lady is *dead?* You have poisoned her with prussic acid. She has been dead four hours !" And the populace groaned.

The clergyman was speechless with horror. He tried to clear himself with all the earnestness of an innocent man, but his story was a most improbable one. The police found on him the purse of the poor woman and a bottle containing prussic acid !

It was the little bottle which Dr. de La Belle had forced upon him in the train.

Mr. Lambert, stunned and half dead, allowed himself to be carried to prison without resistance—he was past that. A day later he said:

"Take me to Rouen; I will unmask the villain; he can never face me."

Two sergeants de ville, with four employees of the prison in plain clothes, attended this dangerous criminal to Rouen on the railway, and drove to the house of Dr. de La Belle. Mr. Lambert was sure that at the sight of his face the assassin doctor would confess all.

Dr. de La Belle was engaged at the moment, and kept them some time waiting for him. When at last the police began to be troubled, the head sergeant bade them be calm. "The house is guarded," said he, "he cannot escape."

Presently there entered a calm, elderly gentleman, with spectacles, which he moved as he looked at them.

"I beg pardon for keeping you waiting," said he, "but do you want me ? I am Dr. de La Belle."

Mr. Lambert trembled from head to foot. An abyss opened before him, of which he could not see the bottom. This was not at all the man whom he had met on Mont St. Catharine.

"You are not Dr. de La Belle at all !" said the unhappy man.

"I think that I can prove that I am," said the suave old doctor, smiling.

Alas ! everything was against him. The English clergyman had fallen into the most terrible snare, laid by a most accomplished villain.

They returned to Paris.

"I wish I could meet him again with his white dog," said Mr. Lambert, throwing his hands in the air.

"White dog, did you say ?" asked the sergeant de ville.

Some weeks passed, and the police became convinced that Mr. Lambert was innocent, but they were yet waiting for the real villain. Mr. Lambert was taken blindfolded, and in the night, to a house, he knew not in what street, where he, however, was well lodged, and where he was allowed to read and to write, but was strictly watched.

Shortly after his new incarceration, a valet arrived with his clothes, and asked him respectfully to make his toilette. A sergeant escorted him to a closed carriage, and drove towards the Champs Elysees.

"Look at everybody who passes," said he. Mr. Lambert looked, but saw nothing.

The next day the sergeant, elegantly dressed, came again in an open carriage, and, by the side of the coachman, sat a white pointer dog.

Mr. Lambert turned pale.

"You have seen that dog before ?" said the sergeant.

"*It is his dog*," said Mr. Lambert.

"Keep calm, and look about you," said the policeman. But they looked in vain. They saw no master for the dog.

"On the night that crime was committed this dog was found in Rouen, without a master," said the sergeant de ville.

Later, the prisoner was requested to make an evening toilette, and was escorted to a grand ball in a magnificent house in one of the best parts of Paris.

"You are serving the ends of justice," said the sergeant to him. "Be patient and observe the guests."

He was presented to the lady of the house who received him very graciously, and who introduced him to her young daughter. He talked with her and looked at the guests, but saw nothing.

Another week passed. He went to another ball, in the same company; his young host, Monsieur de F., seated himself beside him, and drew carelessly before them the curtains of a large window, which filled half the room.

It was not long before Mr. Lambert heard the well known voice of the sergeant of police (who in the most irreproachable of black coats and white ties, looked like a Conde or a Montmorenci) talking to a gentleman near him, of hunting.

"It is a long time since I have followed the hounds," answered the gentleman.

Mr. Lambert darted from his seat. "It is he !" said he. "It is Dr. de La Belle."

"Be silent," said Monsieur de F., "be silent," and he held him in his seat by main force.

In a moment they were rejoined by the sergeant de ville.

"I have heard him ! it is his voice," said Mr. Lambert trembling all over.

"Perhaps we are still wrong," that imperturbable individual. "Stay here without moving. I will draw the curtain; look at every one who enters with a lady on his arm; when the suspected passes, press my arm without a word."

"Is it Monsieur de Bocage ?" asked the host in a low voice of the officer. "Probably," said the policeman: "he was the lover of the unfortunate Blanche Villiers."

At this moment poor Lambert, peeping from behind the curtain, saw the well-known smiling face and jaunty figure of the Doctor of Rouen pass, with a young lady on his arm. He gripped the arm of the officer.

"*It is he*," said he, choking. The sergeant de ville drew the curtain quickly. "The chain is complete," said he; "we only wait for the dog. Mr. Lambert, your imprisonment will be short. One visit more, and you are free !"

The next day a close carriage with the white pointer tied under the seat, called for Mr. Lambert.

"I shall conduct you to his door, but you must enter alone," said the friendly sergeant. "You are not afraid ?"

"Afraid !" said the Englishman. "I only desire to kill him."

"No, no personal violence, please. You would spoil a pretty job !" said the officer. "Coachman, drive to the house of Monsieur de Bocage, Avenue Josephine."

When Mr. Lambert, pale as death, rang the bell of the inner door, M. de Bocage, a Parisian swell, just putting on his gloves, opened it himself.

He started back, horrified, but soon composed himself.

"You wish to see me, sir ?" said he.

"Yes, you wretched murderer !" said the Honorable and Reverend Lambert, "*I do wish to see you !*"

Monsieur de Bocage retreated several steps.

"You are mad," said he.

"I have come to unmask you, villain !"

"You are deceived, my brave gentleman," said M. de Bocage, and reaching behind him caught up a pistol and discharged it full in the face of the Englishman.

At this noise, and the fall of the clergyman, who was stunned and blinded for a moment, the two sergeants and several policemen entered the room, accompanied by a white pointer, who leaped up and caressed Monsieur de Bocage.

"Down, Thanor, down !" forgetting himself.

"The chain is completed," said the sergeant joyfully.

"Monsieur de Bocage, *alias* Dr. de La Belle, you stand charged with the murder of Mademoiselle Blanche Villiers, in a coupe of the railway, which left Rouen at one o'clock at night on the 13th inst., a crime which you sought to affix to this gentleman. (Throw a pitcher of water in his face; the pistol ball was drawn this morning, whilst Monsieur de Bocage took his chocolate—he is not hurt.")

So saying, the sergeant revived the Englishman, and took Monsieur de Bocage from his luxurious chamber, towards twenty years of the galleys.

The wretch looked back.

"It was you, Thanor, after all," said he caressing the white pointer.

"Yes," said the sergeant encouragingly.

"Had you but remembered to give the poor thing a pill of strychnine !"

The Honorable and Reverend Mr. Lambert returned home much better. He had certainly taken the advice of this unknown medical adviser, and had varied his usual life considerably. He never traveled in a coupe at night again with veiled ladies nor did he ever quite get over the horror of having ridden from Rouen to Paris with a corpse.

He had the curiosity to take the Doctor's prescription to an apothecary in London, who analyzed it.

"A powerful stimulant, sir," said he; "we should not recommend you to use it very frequently. Still, in extreme cases of depression, it might be well."

Mr. Lambert never lost his admiration of the French police. They were he thought, a very accomplished set of actors.

Very Sensible Views.

There is much growling lately about newspapers. A man who will denounce a newspaper as indecent, and yet will always subscribe for it, had better close his mouth on the subject of higher journalism. A man who takes a paper and is weak enough to fear its gun, and wishes to spike it by secretly supporting the very form of journalism he pretends to despise, is a very poor creature. The press owes much to the public, and yet that part of the public that deem themselves representative of advanced thought and intelligence, who are in favor of nobler manners and purer laws, owe something to the press and to themselves. They owe it to the press when they ask with owlish solemnity, "Why is not the press loftier in its aim and more decent in its conduct?" to stop supporting papers whose spirit they pretend to spurn. Does any man suppose a newspaper will rise above the dialect of the ditch, the gossip of the gutter, the politics of a police gazette, when it finds that those things tickle and please those who think they stand on the top of society just as keenly as those whom we know wallow at the bottom! The public that clamors for a press can always make its choice between journals of good and evil report. The honest man who can not afford to be abused by a disreputable newspaper had best review his honesty, for his action casts suspicion on his conscience. No honest man need pay moral blackmail, by subscribing for an immoral paper.

Household Science.

—Line your cretonne spread with turkey-red calico; it will hang in more graceful folds if lined throughout, and will not distrub you by showing the under side of the border.

—Fatty oils have a greater surface tension than oil of turepentine, benzole, or other oils. Hence if a grease spot on a piece of cloth be moistened on the reverse side with one of these solvents, the tension on the greasy side is larger, and therefore the mixture of benzole and fat or grease will tend to move toward the main grease spot. If we were to moisten the center of this spot with benzole, we should not remove it, but drive the grease upon the clean portion of the cloth. It is, therefore, necessary to distribute the benzole first over a circle surrounding the grease spot, to approach the latter gradually, at the same time having blotting paper in contact with the spot to absorb the fat immediately.—*Boston Journal of Chemistry.*

DEPARTED.

I stand beside her empty chair,
Her clothes, her toys are everywhere,
But she has vanished.
I listen for a voice that's stilled,
That all our house with music filled,
But joy is banished.

Our little darling's gone away
To that fair world wherein they say
There dwells no sorrow.
Sometimes I think she's watching there
O'er us who, in our wild despair,
No comfort borrow.

My pathway lies through blinding tears,
And sad will be the future years
Filled with regretting;
One face is stamped upon my heart,
One love that cannot e er depart,
Till life's sunsetting.

And if I, patient, strive to wait,
Perchance she'll stand within the gate
To give me greeting;
Then no more hopes bedewed with tears,
No parting through the eternal years,
Nothing but loving.

M. A. C.

Trying Circumstances, or, to Make an old man Hear.

BY IRA MONTEAGLE.

We could easily tell a funny story *a la* "Terwilleger Fitzpatrick, Esq., about a little deaf-mute boy cutting his father's cherry tree with his little hatchet and then refusing to lie about it, but we will not.

Solomon Jones was born when very young, and at that time he had a father and also a mother. His father and mother were proud of him, as fathers and mothers generally are of the first born, and named him after an illustrious man of old, and in the process of time he became an illustrious old man. There was nothing remarkable about him when young, nor did he at that time have any wonderful adventures; if he did, it was before we formed his acquaintance. He finally grew up to be a man and has been one ever since. He married when he felt like it, and in a few years was blest with a beautiful and only daughter whom he christened May. But by and by as age began to silver his locks and time to lighten his forehead, the only wife he then had was taken from his kitchen and carried to Abraham's bosom, though she always professed to love her husband better than any other man. This so troubled him that in his own words he felt like a worn-out last. He was a shoemaker by trade, and to his credit and creditors it must be said he had not a lazy bone in him; for he considered laziness to be connected with the muscles than with the bones. For many years his hearing had been on the wane, and as he was deprived of a book and a pedagogue's whip in his youth, conversation with him was becoming more and more difficult.

Miss May grew up to be a beautiful young lady. We will not attempt to describe her further than to say she wore bangs. She had a sweetheart, as most girls have, and the time had come for him to ask the consent of her father to the marriage. He was a very large man, but his voice seemed to do injustice to his form. He disliked the idea of asking the whole neighborhood for permission to marry Miss May, but it was the only chance, and so one morning he called on Mr. Jones or Old Sol Jones as the neighbors all said, for the important purpose. As he entered, the old man was pegging away on a boot. He took a seat near and at once proceeded to business. Placing his mouth to Mr Jones' ears he yelled at the top of his voice:

"Mr. Jones, I have come to ask you for your daughter."

"What?"

"I have come to ask you for your laughter."

"O, yes, yes. I am sorry my halter is not at home. Neighbor Grinness got it yesterday."

"You misunderstand me, I want to marry May!"

"Want to carry the mail! why sakes alive man, you are too big to carry the mail. You would break a horse's back and make it as worthless as a popular pig. Carry the mail! why that is a boy's work! What will become of the next generation if the stout young men of this one wants to carry the mail! Out upon such an idea!"

"Old man, I want to marry May, I've got gold."

"Hah! Want to carry the mail, because you got a cold! You better take a dose of salts and go to work. When I was young I did not think of such a thing as carrying the mail, because I had a cold."

"You misunderstand me, I want to marry May, I've got gold, I am rich!"

"Got a cold and the itch! I had the itch just after the war and don't want it any more. Get out of my house! and the old man grabbed up a last, and was in the act of hurling it at him when he disappeared through the back door.

Further particulars let the future develop.

Rev. H. W. Syle's Appointments.

Sunday 25th, 10:30 A.M., Emmanuel Church, Marlborough above Girard Ave., Kensington.

3:30 P.M., St. Stephen's Holy Baptism.

Allentown - Friday Sept. 30th.
Scranton - Sunday Oct. 2nd.
New York, Conference of Church Workers among the Deaf, Oct. 6th to 10th.

New Jersey—Arrangements will (D. V.) be made for services at Trenton and other places in New Jersey during the week Oct. 11th to 15th. Persons desiring visits will please address REV. H. W. SYLE, 2206 WALLACE ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPT. 29, 1881.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 162d Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS:

One copy, one year, - - - - $1.50
Clubs of ten, - - - - 1.25
If not paid within six months, - - 2.50

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DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
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Rates of advertising made known upon application.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

DEAF-MUTES, BEWARE!

WE have received intimation of an enterprise that is on foot in Colorado, which is calculated to deprive the unsuspecting deaf-mutes of their hard-earned dollars. The scheme to which we refer is deaf-mute ruining company. It is proposed that the deaf-mutes form a company to buy, sell, and develop mines, and that the necessary funds be raised by selling shares at $10 each. The said company has been formed in a sort of way. A little band of two or three persons have formed themselves into a company and each holds office. The president of the Company is R. D. Livingstone, and the secretary, J. Simmons, states that he is now in New York in the interests of said company.

Now we could advise all deaf-mutes to beware of any one who shall broach the subject of a mining company. The enterprise is ridiculous. It is the plan of the interested parties to get money from the deaf-mutes and give no guarantee for its value being returned. They have no capital, but are intending to take up a collection to raise capital. When the money is obtained, it is impossible to say what will be done with it.

We hope R. D. Livingstone will not attempt to collect any money from deaf-mutes for such a "wild-cat" enterprise. If he does, justice will overtake him when he little dreams of it.

We publish this as a warning to all who are likely to be selected as victims to this swindling scheme. Mining projects do not pay in ninety-nine cases out of one hundred, even when managed by shrewd and experienced men with a good deal of capital to back them. How, then, can success in this line be looked for in a company formed of inexperienced deaf-mutes. Those who propose the plan known that it can not bring money to any one except their individual selves, and then only from first collections.

Deaf-mutes, beware of swindlers who ask you to contribute money to develop mines in Colorado. Do not give any one a single dollar for such a purpose. Keep your money and buy food and clothes and comfort for yourselves or your families. Beware of the swindling mining enterprise.

ONE more of Indiana's deaf-mute college students has passed into eternity. Only a few months ago we printed an account of a fatal accident at the National Deaf-Mute College, in which a student from Indiana, named Brown, was killed. It is now our painful duty to chronicle another death, in which a new student, named Oscar Osborne, is the victim. There is, however, some doubt as to the cause of death. The doctor is of opinion that he died from the effects of a spasmodic shock and not from drowning. Let us hope that this will be proven beyond doubt. When Brown was killed, it was argued that if a proper gymnasium had been built the accident would never have happened. Now it can be said that the gymnasium is the cause of the present melancholy occurrence, unless it is indisputably shown that death resulted from a sudden shock.

THE "Chronicle" of the Ohio Institution has retired from public service. No more the quaint heading in the deaf-mute alphabet will entertain the eye of the hearing person or gladden the heart of the deaf. But face to face with us as we write this is a new paper, which takes the place of the "Chronicle." It is called the *Vis-a-Vis*, and is got up in better style than its predecessor, both as regards the matter printed and the typographical execution. The heading was designed and engraved by John Barrick, of Cincinnati, and is a very pretty one. The reading matter is very select, and will prove both interesting and instructive to those who may subscribe for the paper. Local and State deaf-mute news forms one of its features. It will be issued every week during the school year. Subscription price to pupils of the Ohio school, 50 cents. To all others, 75 cents.

Change of Time for the Conference on Church Workers among the Deaf.

Providential circumstances have led the undersigned to make the following appointments in place of those published in the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL of last week.

On Tuesday, October 4th, there will be a service with Holy Communion in St. Ann's Church, 18th st. near 5th avenue, New York city, at 9 P.M. This will be followed by business meetings through the day, and in the evening at 7:40, there will be a missionary meeting in St. Ann's. It is hoped that the deaf-mutes of New York city and vicinity with their hearing and speaking friends will be present at the missionary meeting, for the service and address will be interpreted. Rev. Messrs. Syle, Mann, Turner and others are expected.

Any delegates who may be in the city on Monday, October 3d, are invited to come to St. Ann's Church in the evening.

THOMAS GALLAUDET,
No. 9 West 18th street, New York.
HENRY WINTER SYLE,
No. 2206 Wallace St., Philadelphia.

NOTICES.

The Deaf-Mutes of Boston and vicinity invited to attend services in the Church of the Good Shepherd Cortes St., at 12 M. (Holy Communion) and 3:30 P.M.

Next Sunday, Oct. 2nd will be the 29th Anniversary of the founding of St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes. The Rev. Mr. Mann is expected to preach at the 2:45 P.M. service for Deaf-Mutes.

Catholic mutes living in the neighborhood of New York City, Brooklyn, and Jersey City, who are desirous of being confirmed according to the rites of the Catholic Church, would do well to call at the college hall adjoining St. Francis Xavier's Church, West 16th St. between 5th and 6th Aves. any day for the next two weeks, and enquire for the Rev. M. J. Costin. This applies to both ladies and gentlemen.

The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer.*

The *Mirror* has just reached us.

Mr. Huff is still at the case in Leadville, Col.

On the night of September 27th, Frank Houck dreamed that he was drunk.

Mr. Charles Bronson, of Franklin, Ind., is still in the real estate business and prospering.

Julius F. Lang is going to spend his week's vacation at his sister's residence in Connecticut.

A correspondent says A. C. Doe, of San Francisco, Cal., will be a millionaire at no distant day.

It is rumored that J. A. Lounsbury was married to Miss Sadie Dicks yesterday, Wednesday, September 27th.

Wm. H. Te bush, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., visited John H. Dobbs last Saturday, and returned home the following Monday.

At the last service at Trinity Church, Pittsburg, Rev. Mr. Mann baptized the infant child of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Drum.

John P. Deise, of Philadelphia, is still out west. His Pick and Click can still be heard in the *Mountaineer* office at Colorado Springs, Col.

Mrs. Starr formerly an inmate of the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes, New York City, but now living with her sister, Mrs. Howard, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., has been troubled with rheumatism for the past six weeks. She is improving at present.

Will Mr. George Farley be kind enough to notify the M. L. A. why he has not been at the Association's meetings for some time. As presiding officer he should set a good example and give reasons for being absent. The members are quite indignant at his continued absence and would be pleased if he would leave his address with the Secretary.

Mr. Geo. W. Schutt writes: "On Sunday afternoon, September 25th, in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., before my service, I was surprised to meet Mr. W. J. Nelson, whose brother is the Principal of the Rome Institution. Mr. Nelson said that his mother, who moved to Poughkeepsie from Aurora, N. Y., last Spring, desired him to live with her. I held a sign service in the church of the Holy Comforter."

On Thursday evening, September 15th, in Troy, N. Y., a surprise party was given in honor of the birthday of Mrs. Collins. Refreshments were served at 9 o'clock, and the party enjoyed themselves in various ways until 10 o'clock, when all dispersed to their homes. Among those present were Mrs. Gould and daughter Annie, Mrs. Atkins, Misses Hunter and Denvers, and Messrs. Brown, Ritter and Smith. A very pleasant time was passed.

Charles Bronson, of Franklin, Ind., writes:—"We witnessed with much pleasure the wedding at the residence of brother Geo. E. Bronson, on September 7th last. His daughter was united in marriage to John Tucker. Rev. Ragsdale tied the knot. Numerous presents were given to them. Mrs. Mary Sinclair of Indianopolis, is a young widow of much refinement. Geo. E. Bronson looks fat, hearty and as familiar as ever."

John McGill and wife, of Montreal, are now in New York City.

R. B. Reasner has moved from Raisinville to Fentonville, Mich.

O. H. J. Kennedy, who lately returned from Chicago, is now in Denver.

Miss I. Isham, of Kingston, N. Y., is visiting Mrs. Knox in New York City.

Miss Leiby will pay a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Bowers, of Lancaster, in October or November.

Mrs. Rocap's house in Philadelphia, is hung with black bunting on account of the President death.

Miss Jane A. Romeyn, is expect to go to Albany, and attend the deaf-mute service next October.

Charles Lawton, of Great Valley, intends to go to Brooklyn soon. He will be a guest of his personal friend, Alex. Dezendorf.

On the 14th inst., "Wes," left Duncannon for Marysville, Pa., where his brother Rev. E. T. Swartz took charge for one year.

On the 19th inst., "Wes," dropped in to pay a pleasant visit to a young smiling-faced Harrisburg lady, and had a good chat for a few hours.

The mother of Sabrina B. West, of East Brewster, Mass., (maiden name, Roger) died of paralysis last December. She was 58 years old.

The wife of Job Brightman (Mary Smith) died of palsy in West Sandwich, Mass., last April. She was educated at the American Asylum at Hartford.

Last Saturday, Cora Lawton, of Great Valley, who graduated from Old Fanwood some years ago, was married to a speaking man named Charles Chamberlain.

Benjamin Merrihew was sick with the inflammation of the kidney for five weeks, but is getting well and is gone mackereling this fall. He lives in West Harwich, Mass.

Mr. Lee W. Bailey, of Wellsboro, Pa., made his appearance in New York City, the 13th. He paid his first visit to C. J. Le Clercq. He came to study art under the instructions of Mr. A. Edmonds.

Mayor Herman, who spelled with his fingers at the convention at Harrisburg, a welcome to the convention, is the cousin of Mrs. Adelaine Lanius, of York, Pa. Mrs. M. Rocap is proud of her classmate.

Mrs. Mary Rocap, of Philadelphia, spent a few days with Miss Mary Taylor, of Westchester, Pa. She had a splendid time at her large dwelling, and she said Miss Taylor was an excellent housekeeper and lives comfortable with her aged mother.

I wish it clearly understood that I have written nothing at all for any mute paper since the demise of the *Lantern*. My name has been used of late by persons writing under *noms de plume* entirely without my knowledge or consent and I wish it stopped. MRS. C. ROBERTS.

Mr. Geo. A. Gallion a pupil of the Maryland School for Deaf and Dumb at Frederick, M. D., who has been very sick for several weeks, is much better, and is able to move about. He expects to take a long, pleasant ride to Spesutia Island for health, this week.

Mrs. Henry Romeyn, of Glenville, N. Y., and her deaf-mute daughter, Jane Ann, went to Hagaman's Mill, N. Y., on the 11 of August, to attended the funeral of Mrs. Abigail Banta. Mrs. Banta, the widow of the late Mr. Jacob Banta, died on the 9th of last August, and was aged 84 years. Mr. Jacob Banta died at ninety, and was buried a year ago from his home, Rev. Mr. Goodall officiated. They left four sons. Jane A. Romeyn, is a deaf-mute niece of Mr. and Mrs Banta.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Gilmour, of Dushore, Pa., were very much disappointed at not being able to attend the Convention at Harrisburg. A day before the commencement, their only daughter Alice, aged 5 years, showed bad symptons of a sore throat which the doctor pronounced a tendency to diphtheria, but instead of it scarlet fever came on and they had but to give up and stay to care for her. She had it pretty bad and was not recovered until the 16th of this month. We are glad to hear that the Convention was a success, and heartily congratulate the managers, etc.

The saddest drowning accident on September 2d, Friday, for many years occurred off Gay Head, Mass. Two brothers Meno and Samuel M. Tilton, of Deidamia, D. West, started about 12 o'clock in Meno's fishing-boat from Menemsha Creek for Nomans Island as we thought they stopped there all night, but on Saturday morning one of the lobstermen went over to haul the lobsterpots and saw an overturned boat floating in the sound near Dogfish bar. He immediately turned to Lobsterville and summoned an investigating party which visited the locality of the accident. One party discovered Meno's boat near the bar, while the land party discovered the bodies of the brothers washing in the swash on the beach near Sandy Point. Meno Tilton was a deaf-mute and was educated at the American Asylum at Hartford. He was 59 years old, and leaves a wife and only son. Samuel Tilton was a speaking man, was 53 years old and leaves a wife and two sons. They were members of the Congregational Church. Freeman N. Smith is missing Meno Tilton very much, for Meno lived in Freeman's lobster house this summer.

George Rhodes, a deaf and dumb man, was recently employed at digging in the new sewer that is being put through the university grounds, and while at work there a few days ago picked up a cloth lying on the ground near him, that some patient of the hospital had throw out of the window, and wiped the sweat off his face with it. In so doing he must have drawn the cloth across his eyes, as they began to smart and swell Later on they became so inflamed that medica aid was summoned, when he was advised to wash them in salt and water. He followed directions given and the third day after the dissolvable part of his right eye all ran out, leaving it totally blind. On the seconded day after this the other eye ran out in a similar way, and the man is now deaf, dumb and blind, and may die from the effects of the poison that destroyed his eyes.

He is at present at the residence of drayman Shaw near the fair ground, where he went immediately after being first taken with inflammation of the eyes. He is not know to have any relatives except an uncle somewhere in Canada, whose exact whereabouts will be ascertained today, and to whom word will be sent at once concerning the painful occurrence.—*Ann Arbor News.*

A Deaf-Mute Marriage in Baltimore., Md.

James D. Portzell, of Owings Mills, Md., and Annie E. Jenkins, of Baltimore, were married at Grace Church on the afternoon of September 25th, by the Rev. George Leeds, D.D. The ceremony was interpreted by James S. Wells, lay reader to the mutes at Grace Chapel.

Robert J. Arnold, of Mill Hollow, Pa., has received the photograph of the Harrisburg Convention, and is much pleased with it.

Mr. Samuel Hamilton and wife, of Beverly, Mass., have been spending some weeks visiting friends in Rockland, Me., their former home.

Ira H. Derby would like to know the correct address of Willie Deering, of New Hampshire, and also that of Willie White, of the same State.

The deaf-mute school in Baltimore, over which James H. Wells presides, opened two weeks ago, with four pupils. More have arrived since then.

Several deaf-mutes are employed in the extensive rubber shoe factory in Malden, Mass., five miles from Boston. The company employs some 1,500 hands.

L. L. Matthews, of the Mississippi Institution left for home in Newton, Miss., on September the 17th. He will receive a certificate from the Institution next October.

Miss S. Hasard stopped in Troy at the residence of Mrs. J. G. Saxton, on the 19th, *en route* for Saratoga Springs, where she will be the guest of Miss Annie Putnam, and enjoy the autumn weather,

A New Englander is anxious to hear from H. P. Arms, Jr., regarding that plate of which Mr. Arms was going to send some information. Will he kindly write to the New Englander.

Miss Sarah Harper, of Morganville, N. J., who attended the Hartford School, is said to be doing well in the dressmaking line. Morganville is only three miles from Long Branch, where President Garfield died.

A "friend" would like to inform Mr. Abell, of St. John, N. B, that he had a letter from him. On account of engagements, he (friend) will not accept his (Abell's) request. Mr. Abell would do well to write to those mutes he proposed.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Carter, of South Boston, Mass., have been away some four weeks on a vacation. They have been stopping in East Bridgewater. While there and out driving, they made a flying visit to the Derby's, of South Weymouth.

Miss L. L. Leiby, of Wrightsville, Pa., graduated at Philadelphia last June. She is now at home helping her mother. She intends to get work in Lancaster where her aunt lives.

Rev. Henry W. Syle paid a short visit to Miss Leiby on the 26th of September.

Ira H. Derby, of South Weymouth, Mass., wishes to inform his correspondents that he may be found at his home, and always ready to supply the demand with his books—"History of the First School for Deaf-Mutes in America." He can send by mail to any address 100 books for $10. Those who wish to try to make money would do well to consult Mr. Derby. Any one not having seen the Derby book, will receive by mail the same by remitting twenty-five cents.

Mr. Roop, of Philadelphia, formerly supervisor of the Philadelphia Institution, and now President of the Lyceum, got a good situation as weaver at Dolan & Co.'s Mill of Hosiery through the recommendation of Prof. Foster, Principal of the Philadelphia Deaf and Dumb Institution. Mr. Roop, although calm and polite, is much liked by deaf-mutes, and the members of the Lyceum over which he presides are rapidly improving their knowledge and conventional ability.

Mrs. Mina J. Arnold, of Mill Hollow, has been in Brooklyn and New York City for twelve days, visiting her friends, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Ijams. She reached home safely on September 17th, at half past five P M. Her husband is sorry because he didn't go there with her. Mr. and Mrs. Ijams took her to see several parks. Mr. Arnold will try and be in New York next summer. Some body stole some pears from his trees while they were at the Harrisburg Convention. The thief must be ashamed for stealing fruit from a deaf-mute.

Albert O. Bowler, of Rockland, Me., and Miss Mary L. Hodgman, of Thorndike, Me., were married at the bride's home on the 17th inst., by the father of the groom, Rev. J. R. Bowler, of Rockland, Me. The morning was lovely, thus indicating a happy married life. A few invited friends were present to witness the impressive ceremony of "making of twain one flesh," and the occasion was a very pleasant one. The officiating clergyman offered a short prayer by spelling the words with the hands, and the marriage formula was spoken in like manner. A few days were spent by the happy couple among friends, after which they entered their pleasant home in Rockland where they will permanently reside. The groom acknowledges with great pleasure the receipt by mail of a beautiful silver sugar spoon, presented by his friend, Samuel Cross, of Mass.

Killed on the Rail.

DEATH OF A CANADIAN DEAF-MUTE.

A deaf-mute was killed near Griswold Station, on the Erie Railroad, at seven o'clock Saturday morning. At the hour named, engine No. 491, driven by Dan Gannah, was "wild catting" to Buffalo, and when half a mile east of Griswold Station Mr. Gannah saw a well dressed young man leisurely walking along between the east and west bound tracks. As the locomotive neared him made a sudden movement as though the jarring of the earth was the first intimation he had received of the moving engine, and then, when the huge machine was but a few feet distant, and without even looking behind him, he suddenly stepped upon the track, and a moment later was hurled into the ditch by the pilot of the engine. Mr. Gannah stopped his mogul at once and went back for the unfortunate man. He was not yet dead, and by means of signs made known the sorrowful fact that he was deaf and dumb. He was taken to Griswold and placed in charge of the agent who summoned a doctor. The injured man wrote on a piece of paper that his name was Isaac Wilson and that he lived with his mother in Chicago. The doctor found Wilsons injuries of a fatal nature and Mrs. Wilson was telegraphed the sad news. He was about twenty-four years of age. No blame can be attached to Mr. Gannah, for had Wilson remained where he was when first discovered, he would have been unharmed. It does not transpire why Wilson was walking on the track or where he was going to.—Buffalo *Daily Courier, Sept.* 19.

Mr. Issac Wilson, the deaf-mute of Canada came to Buffalo, N. Y., with his trunk on the train on the 13th of September. He said he would like to obtain a situation as a shoemaker. He wrote to his friend, Robert Sutton, of Canada, that he had no work and advised him not to go to Buffalo. Mr. Wilson is a graduate of the Belleville Institute. His mother resides in Chicago. Mr. W. has never been to Chicago. Beforehe went away from Buffalo he told the mutes of that city that he would soon return. The Buffalo mutes are very sorry on account of his untimely death.

Miss Kittie Beardsley is of Union Springs, N. Y., is visiting friends in Brooklyn.

The *Kansas Star* and the *Goodson Gazette* have again made their appearance.

E. Kelder, of Wawarsing, would like to hear from C. W. Webster, of Buffalo, N. Y.

Miss Katie Burnham is a lovely deaf-mute of Waco, Texas. Mr. Lewis Lyons called on her lately.

The farm crop of the Beverly School has done very well and there is no prospect of starvation before it.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Nevers, of Bridgeport, Ct, have of late been talking seriously of moving to Hartford, Ct.

Batcheller and Doris circus was in Woonsocket last week. Farmer Aldrich did not go there for fear of pickpockets.

Miss Hattie Wilson, of Easton, Ct., recently made a flying visit to Bridgeport, Ct. She was the guest of Mrs. H. W. Nevers.

Farmers Mowry, Aldrich and Stillman, visited the Woonsocket Agricultural Fair last Wednesday, and pronounced it a success.

James H. Caton, a pupil of the New York School, says he accompanied some friends up the Hudson on a steamer, as far as Dutchess County, last Saturday.

Miss Ellen Downey having recently returned to Boston from New Jersey, has received a situation in the Maiden rubber works, and is boarding with Mrs. D. W. Cary.

Supt. Swett of the Beverly School, has been enjoying better health for sometime, and is activeiy engaged as usual. He never loses a moment in idleness if he can help it.

Mr. Joseph F. Marksburg and Miss Mollie Beman, both ex-pupils of the Kansas Institution, were married on September 7th. The ceremony was performed by Dr. De Motte.

Lewis Lyons, who is now in Texas, will probably be in New York next summer. He wishes to know where William Reilly lives. Mr. Lyons thinks of going to Austin, Texas, soon.

Through the kindness of one of its Trustees, the School for the Deaf-Mutes, at Beverly, has obtained a new, handsome carriage. The resources of the school are constantly adding.

Hon. Arlon Mowry, who is president of the Woonsocket Agricultural Fair is a cousin of C. W. Mowry. He has the honor of having escorted several governors. He escorted Governor Littlefield to the park last week.

Dr. J. C. M. Merillat, formerly principal of the Virginia Institution and brother-in-law of Principal Coveli of the West Va. Institution, died suddenly on Sunday, September 18th, at Romney, West Va.

Edmund C. Baker, who used to live in Boston and was for some time an inmates of the Industrial Department of the Beverly School, has been appointed cook and baker at the School, in place of the woman who resigned a short time ago.

Mrs. Whipple Follett delivered a good sermon before seventeen mutes in Providence, R. I., September 18th. Subject of discourse, I SAMUEL XVI.,7, "Man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart." Among the noticeable mutes were Mr. W. A. Jackson, of Attleboro, Mass., and Miss Mary McKay, of Riverpoint, R I.

Mr. James H. Kingsmore, of Philadelphia, a speaking gentleman, and one of the reception committee of the Young Men's Christion Association of that city, is very kind to the deaf-mutes who hold their Lyceum meetings in the building every Wednesday evening, and takes much interests in them. Mr. Kingsmore is rapidly learning the sign-language and is very much liked by the deaf-mutes. Mr. William H. Lipsett, Secretary of the Chirological Lyceum, is a warm friend of Mr. Kingsmore.

Mr. Brooks Replies.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—When I wrote a letter to the JOURNAL, I expected to be abused for its contents, and was prepared for it, but I was not prepared for such slanderous statements as were penned by J. N. Williams, of Jackson. I will give the facts, and let any intelligent deaf-mute judge.

The reason I was discharged from the Jackson *Patroit* office was because J. N. Williams made a false statement to the proprietor of that office, and telling a great lie against me, and was discharged as above stated. Here is why Williams got me discharged, as he wanted me to go to the country and sell alphabet cards for him, but this was refused.

I have said before that I never boarded with Mr. Kerr, the artist, and never owed him any sum or one cent. When I was living in Jackson, I always boarded with my sister. Notwithstanding J. N. Williams' word to the contrary, many deaf-mutes in Michigan know that to be a fact. When I came to Detroit, I did board with Mr. Kerr for three weeks, and the boards etc., was paid HONESTLY. The foregoing is a true statement, as will be shown by the signature below and men whose veracity can be relied upon.

[Signed].
M. H. KERR, and family.
J. J. BORDEN.
JOHN BROOKS.

BOSTON NEWS.

How sad! Garfield is no more. Boston is in deep mourning.

Last Sunday forenoon, we were much surprised, but much pleased to see Mr. R. D. Livingstone, of Colorado, and his friend, W. A. Jackson. Mr. Livingstone was the LION of the period, and was respectfully asked by Mr. Tillinghast, President of the society, to make a few remarks about the deceased President, Garfield, etc., and several others followed him. The collections for the Michigan sufferers was handsome.

The readers will remember that some two years ago Mr. Livingstone was threatened to be in trouble if he should ever visit Boston. Now he did appear, and visited the Boston society, and every body was glad to see him again. The *Threats* were a farce. W. A. JACKSON.

FANWOOD.

Effect of President Garfield's Death.

SCHOOL ROOM NOTES

Varieties of More or Less Interest.

(From our New York Correspondent.)

Since school re-opened, it was the custom of the majority of the pupils to enquire of each other concerning Garfield's condition, and when they were informed of his improvement or of his getting worse their faces would brighten up or look melancholy, as the case would be. The excitement kept on in this way until Tuesday morning, the 20th, when the last spark of their hope was extinguished. The morning papers with their big black lines between each column was sufficient to convince them that the Nation's Sufferer had expired; their faces which were but a moment before looking bright and happy, all of a sudden changed into a look of sorrowfulness, as if one of their most intimate friends had left them to return no more. A great many of them made a hasty search in their pockets and willingly exchanged their last nickel for a morning paper, and at once began to read the sad news, each drawing an excited crowd. It was not long until every boy and girl knew of it. The Institution flag was raised at half-mast, thus making one of the gloomiest days that we have met with.

Everything seems to be more and more settled as the days fly on, and the school is beginning to be a scene of activity once more. Books have been overhauled and made use of by the pupils, and every thing indicates "business."

The first lecture of the season was given by Prof. R. B. Lloyd, on Monday, the 19th, on Geography, and was followed on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, etc., by the other teachers, each taking a different subject, such as Government, History, Vegetable, Physiology, etc., which occupies the hours from half past four till 5 o'clock of each afternoon.

Prof. Currier, who has charge of the Articulation department, devotes one hour each day to the various classes in the instruction of Articulation and lip-reading.

On Tuesday, the 20th, a number of the High Class boys made a trip to Fort Lee in their boat "Evangeline," and on the return trip the river was crossed in 10 minutes.

VARIETIES.

Base ball is all the go now, some pretty good batting and runs have been made.

Quite an accident happened to one of the smaller boys last week. He was accidently hit on the back of the head by another boy with a bat which slipped from his hands. The wound is not of a serious nature and he is getting better now.

The total number of pupils now in attendance is about 400. Among some of the arrivals of last week we noticed those of Messrs. Newton, Davitt, Sullivan, Shanks and Misses Powers, Williams, Croak, DeWilleger, and quite a number of others.

Classification of the pupils to the various work shops took place on Monday, the 6th, but hardly any change was made.

Myron R. Palmer, a member of the High Class who has been traveling extensively through New York State during vacation, returned Saturday.

James Clark, a graduate of the School, visited his *Alma Mater* last Sabbath.

On Saturday of last week, the whole of the female portion of the High Class of the New York Institution, under the charge of Miss Prudence Lewis, visited the city, for the purpose of taking in the decorations in honor of President Garfield. Nearly the whole of Broadway was traversed.

Miss Florence Stevens, a former pupil of the school, spent several days with friends here last week.

A large number of the pupils witnessed the grand Athletic tournament at Mott Haven last Saturday.

The annual election of officers of the Fanwood Association takes place next Saturday. We have not learned the names of the candidates.

A large number of the pupils took in the magnificent bunting displayed in honor of President Garfield, from 34th St., to the City Hall, last Saturday. TIRKY QUILL.

The Beverly School opened on the 14th inst. The school is crowded to its utmost capacity. Among the new applicants is a graduate of the Philadelphia Institution, aged seventeen years, and a pupil from the Horace Mann School, in Boston, whose mother is anxious to have him taught a trade. The mother had heard of the school from some unknown source and applied to Mr. White, who told her he could do nothing for her as her boy was a pupil of another school and it was not the policy of the school to take away pupils from other schools. But she was determined and went to see the Secretary of the State Board of Education. She would not send her boy to Hartford, as she considered it too far away.

The Boston Picnic at Wellesley.

The mutes of the "Hub" gathered to the number of fifty and a little over at the new depot of the Boston and Albany Railroad on the morning of the 14th inst. Among them were many familiar faces, but some new ones came from "afar" and altogether it was a "very nice party," to use the words of one of the young ladies. After an hour's ride, we arrived at our destination. The place was found to be very beautiful, both in situation and cultivation. We passed Hotel Wellesley, a very handsome edifice, a summer hotel. Everywhere, the eye was arrested and charmed by a scene of exceeding beauty. The "Merino Tower" as it is called, was visited first. On the first floor was a brilliant table of the most elegant make, while the walls were adorned with paintings, some of which were remarkable for their age and finish. It was the private billard-room of the owner. Rusty coats of mail and other implements of war were scattered about in profusion. Upon going into another room, what was our surprise to find it to be a stable-room fitted up in a better manner than the dwellings of many well-to-do families. A very curious old coach in the room proved to be the one in which Gen. La Fayette rode, in Boston on his visit to America after the Independence, for which he fought and bled, had been won. An Irish jaunting car next arrested our attention. The stalls were made of rosewood, and upon one of the sides was a cat which gazed at the intruders with an innocent look of timidity and apprehension. Some of the members went up to stroke its back, to quiet its fears. Puss submitted quietly to this caressing without as much as wagging its tail. A closer examination revealed the feline specimen to be a stuffed cat! How cheap those felt who had patted it on the back! We ascended the steps leading to the room above. At the head of the stairs a picture of a donkey stared us in the face, while under it was a piece of pasteboard with the words "The Donkey's Staircase" on it. So we were donkeys, were we? It happened fo be dinner-hour, and we saw a large table fairly groaning with the richest vianls of the *cuisine*. We hastened to partake some of them, when we found them to be too tough even for the keen edge of appetie. They were nothing more than pieces of hard wood, cleverly painted and otherwise made up to look like eatables. Of course, we did not "relish" them at all. In ascending to another room above, we found ourselves confronted with our own selves in a large mirror with concave and convex surfaces. The way that mirror showed us as we might have been, furnished no end of merriment to all. Each story had many things of interest, but the view from the top surpassed them all. The whole place in a high state of cultivation, diversified by hills and valleys with a sparkling stream winding its silvery way in its midst, and a vast area of green verdure, relieved here and there by plots of flowers in a thousand combinations of colors, furnished a scene rarely witnessed.

The grotto was the next object of our visit. Mr. Alden F. Osgood, who had come over from Natick in his buggy, served as our guide in the subterranean labyrinth. The first grotto we entered, might be appropriately called the "Kingdom of Nature." Plants were in bloom everywhere, and water was running. The next grotto might as appropriately be called the "Mineral Kingdom." The eye never saw such a variety of pretty tints as were reflected from the crystals, which hung like icicles from the top.

Games were next played. The track was one of the roads leading to the place. George Newhall and "Another" were chosen to act as judges. In the 3 mile running match, Eddie Frisbee won the first prize in 20 minutes and 35 seconds, with Albert C. Hargrave as second in 22 minutes and 10 seconds.

In the ball-throwing match, Henry Jellison, of Newton, won, throwing the ball to the distance of 258 feet and ½ inch. (Who can beat this?) Hargrave won the second prize, in a distance of 253 feet and 10 inches.

The jumping match was won by Hargrave, whose distance was 33 feet and 11 inches. Frisbee was second in a distance of 33 feet and 2½ inches.

The 100-yards dash was won by Henry Jellison in 13 seconds. Hargrave came off second best in 14 seconds, and Frisbee third best in 14½ seconds. Jellison had an advantage over the other two in that he was fresh, while they were jaded after their previous races, but the latter made a very creditable record in spite of their fatigue.

The place is the property of William Emerson Baker, of the now defunct firm of Grover & Baker Sewing Machine Company. Their sewing machine has gone out of use, nowadays, superseded by the Singer and others, but the manfacturers made their fortune out of it. Mr. Baker having more money than he knew what to do with, spent it in cultivating his beautiful place. It is private property, but for the accommodation of the curiosity seeking or pleasure loving public, he throws his doors open on the two days in the week.

On the homeward trip, Willie Rudolph, who has an uncle living in the neighborhood of Wellesley, brought a lot of pears and apples with which he treated the whole party.

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COLLEGE CHRONICLE

Opening Another Year.

DR. GALLAUDET'S ELOQUENT TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF JAMES A. GARFIELD, LATE PRESIDENT.

A MILD SENSATION.

Terrible Death of a New Student.

(From our Washington Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Sept. 24, 1881.—The early arrivals at the college found everything wearing a very gloomy aspect. On the chapel flag staff the flag drooped at half mast, and the building, heavily draped in black, presented an appearance far from inspiring. There was a total absence of the usual joyousness upon the meeting of the students after their long vacation. Fraternal greetings were made and received in a quiet way, conversation leading at once to the topic of the President's death. However, the examination of the new students was held on Wednesday, continuing throughout the day. On Thursday, Dr. Gallaudet greeted the students in the chapel and in the course of his remarks, paid

A GLOWING TRIBUTE.

to the memory of Gen. Garfield Speaking of President Gallaudet's address, the *National Republican* of Sept. 23d, says:

"In greeting the students Dr. Gallandet, the president of the college, referred to the universal gloom hanging over the Nation through the death of President Garfield. He alluded to the noble character of General Garfield from his early infancy in obscurity, through all his vicissitudes and successes, to the post of President of this great Nation; how in all his dealings, whether of a public or private character, he ever tried to live up to the Golden Rule, and, dying, left an example to the world of an

UPRIGHT AND PURE MANHOOD.

Dr. Gallaudet then spoke of the sympathy manifested by foreign powers, and suggested that the death of our President should lead no one to suppose that the prayers of millions of people have passed unheard. The Almighty knows what is right—His will be done!—and in General Garfield's death a great lesson is taught us how to suffer with patience and to die without fear. Speaking of General Garfield's eulogy on Lincoln, Dr. Gallaudent thought that the quotation which Garfield adapted from Tennyson's "In Memorian" for that occasion, is peculiarly applicable to Garfield's own illustrious career. In closing, he adverted to the position which Garfield always held toward educational institutions, and to this college in particular, and informed the students that out of respect to the memory of the deceased President the faculty had voted to postpone recitations till Monday morning. The college buildings are being heavily draped and the flag on the chapel staff is at half mast."

In addition to this Dr. Gallaudet added that the faculty had voted to postpone recitations till Monday out of respect to the memory of the late patron of the college. This gave us Thursday and Friday for the purpose of viewing the remains lying in state in the rotunda of the Capitol.

Accordingly on Thursday, a large number of the students proceeded in a body to the Capitol. Upon our way we found a heavy tide of humanity moving towards the same point. Every street leading to the Capitol was thronged with a constantly increasing crowd of pedestrians. At the Capitol they all mingled in a vast multitude it being an impossibility to give an estimate of the number of people passing through the building to pay the last tribute of respect to the noble man whom all had learned to love so well.

There was one entrance and only one exit. The crowd surged in through the east door of the Capitol and passed the casket, which was placed in the centre of the rotunda, just under the great dome. Guards were stationed at all the other doors to prevent outsiders from mingling in the line and causing confusion. The

GUARD OF HONOR

included soldiers of the late war, from major-generals down to simple privates, all doing similar duty.

THE CASKET,

which occupied the centre of the rotunda, was of a very plain character, being heavily draped, and bearing massive silver handles. On each side of the casket were two platforms one above the other through which the crowd passed in viewing the remains. Placed in a line above the head of the casket were some

BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS

from the White House Cemetery. The first was a large, broken column of carnations and white roses, surmounted by a white dove; the second was a floral representation of the "Heavenly Gates Ajar," composed of carnation immortelles, roses, jasmines and climbing ivy; the third was a crown and wreath made of moss, carnations and ferns, surmounted by a white dove and bearing in letters of immortelles the words:

OUR MARTYR PRESIDENT

It is well known what a kind feeling Gen. Garfield always manifested towards the deaf and dumb. In this connection it will not be out of place to recall to mind the last words which he delivered in the interests of Deaf-Mute College. We re-produce the following address delivered by Gen. Garfield at the Commencement Exercises of the College on May 4th last, one month after his inauguration.

PRESIDENT GARFIELD'S RESPONSE.

"I understand, Sir, that you are 'presenting' these young men to the country. Not long ago they were hardly a force or a power to their country. What your institution has done for them has made each of them a great power; and that increased power you to-day give to the country. Therein is the secret and beneficence of education.

"It was supposed to be a wise saying that one who could make two blades of grass grow where only one was growing before was a benefactor. The man or institution that can multiply the power of a boy by three, four, five, ten, or as you are doing, perhaps a hundred, is doing a vastly higher thing than the increase of blades of grass; and this institution which takes a class of the community that the common law, before it had been warmed by the sweet charities of modern life, did not regard as citizens—for I believe that by the common law a deaf-mute was not considered a responsible person—I say, this kind of educational work may almost be said to take these unfortunate people and create them into the full image of high, broad, and responsible citizenship. Therefore you do, Mr. President, present these young gentlemen to the country in a much wider sense than colleges usually present a graduating class.

"I would like to say another thing, that, during these many years of public service, I have loved to look upon this as neutral ground where from all our political differences and bickerings we came under the white flag of truce that should be raised over every school-house and college in the land. I am glad to say that, in spite of all the differences of party opinion, we have worked together in trying to make this institution worthy of our Capital and our people. I am glad to believe that this progress will be unimpeded by any change that may happen at the Capitol, and unchanged by any vicissitudes that may happen the country."

On Friday the Examination Returns were made known and showed that out of fourteen candidates none succeded in entering the Freshmen Class. Four entered the Introductory without any conditions. Six enter with one or more conditions and the remainder were assigned to the High Class of the Primary Department. Following this report the selection of rooms was gone through during the rest of the morning. After the selection had been completed moving was in order, and a very warm piece of business it proved. However all got through without an incident worthy of mention.

In the afternoon the College was deserted, the President's funeral having drawn all out to the Capitol, from which place the procession was to start. Most of us got a good view of the funeral cortege.

Most of us returned to College in time for tea and during this repast, a great deal of excitement was caused by

AN ALARM OF FIRE

being given. Instantly the dining hall was deserted and a general rush was made for the main college building. Rushing through the halls which were thick with smoke, the students carrying water buckets dashed in all directions seeking to discover the fire. From one floor to another they scurried but no flames were to be seen. Finally, upon coming down stairs the fire was discovered to have originated in the basement but had been immediately extinguished through the energy and promptness of Mr. Wight. But this did not end the excitement for soon the fire engines, hook and ladders and other trucks were on hand followed by the usual crowd of fire hangers-on. Explanations were made to the chiefs and firemen and the Green settled down to its usual quietness. Many laughable incidents occurred during the momentary excitement which will probably be handed down in the legends if old Kendall for the edification of coming generations.

POST SCRIPTUM.—About 3 P.M., Saturday Messers. Oscar Osborn and Berg, new students from Indiana, were in the swimming pool. Suddenly Osborn disappeared in deep water, and Berg being unable to swim was obliged to call for assistance. Messrs. Angell, Lynch and Hasentab came to his aid and brought the lifeless body of Osborn from the water. Doctors Street and Lincoln were immediately summoned, and upon arriving worked incessantly for two hours in the hope of reviving the drowned student. All their efforts were of no avail, and they pronounced that death must have occurred before the body was removed from the water. Mr. Osborn was 20 years of age, and lived in Bloomingdale, Indiana.

LATER.—Dr. Lincoln, the leading physician in the case, gives it as his opinion that deceased did not die of drowning but had a spasmodic shock, and falling into the water died instantly. In support of this opinion it was remarked that deceased threw up large quantities of blood when placed on the ground after being taken from the water.

LESTER MONTROSE.

"TALE OF TWO CITIES."

COLUMBIA'S DEAD CHIEF.

The Catholic Deaf-Mute Literary Union.

THE MANHATTAN LITERARY ASSOCIATION.

Personals, Etc.

The death of President James A. Garfield has cast a gloom over both cities. In the death of the Nation's Chief, deaf-mutes have lost a warm friend and benefactor. His deeds are so well known that it is unnecessary to go into details.

The people are of one soul these days. No Democrats — no Republicans. Both cities are draped in mourning. Public and private buildings are shrouded in the emblem of grief. Democratic buildings are as profuse—and in some instances better decorated—as any of the Republican buildings. This is true of the newspaper offices. But what creates the greatest surprise is the display at Tammany and Irving Halls, both the bitterest enemies of the Republican cause. On the former, immense streamers descend from the top story to the ground below, and are thought by some to be the longest in the city. In some cases, buildings are decorated with some of the most expensive goods in the market. Hundreds of yards of the finest crape and alpaca are used in some instances. This is the case at Tiffany's at Union Square and the Astor House. Wall Street is one mass of black and white American flags.

When President Garfield died, half the population of both cities were in bed. This happened about 10.30 P.M. At 11 o'clock, newsboys were spreading the news over both cities. Papers sold for an immense price, and the newsboys got whatever they asked.

For many, there was no sleep that night—they were too sad to sleep—but instead set to work to drape their houses in mourning. However the press has already given such minute descriptions that we will not dwell on the subject.

"When I am dead,
I would not have the rude and gaping crowd
Around me gather, and, 'mid lamentation loud,
Tell of my virtues, and with vain regret
Bemoan my loss, and, leaving me, so soon forget
But I would have the few, the kindly heart,
Who, when misfortune came, so nobly did their part,
And oft by thoughtful deed their love express—
These would I have, no more, no less—
When I am dead."

The Catholic Literary Union, of New York City, held a regular meeting in St. Francis Xavier's hall last Wednesday evening, September 21st. The object of the meeting was to elect officers for the ensuing year. Eleven members were present. President McNally opened the meeting in the usual manner, and after all business had been transacted and the officers who had served during the past year had made their reports, the voting began.

Three candidates were put up for President—viz., Messrs. James Russel, John F. O'Brien and John Hogan. The voting resulted as follows: O'Brien 9, Russell 2, Hogan 0. O'Brien was declared elected. At first, some objection was made, as the Constitution requires every person to have been a member three months before being allowed to hold office, O'Brien having joined only that evening. President McNally arose and said as heretofore that clause had caused so much anoyance he thought best to kill it, which was agreed to unanimously. So O'Brien was declared President.

Four candidates were presented for the Vice-Presidency—viz, Shelton, Holland, Donohue and Russell. The voting resulted in 4 for Shelton, 3 for Holland, 2 for Donohue and 1 for Russell.

Mr. Pownall, who had been Treasurer for the past year, was re-elected by acclamation.

James F. Donnelly was elected Secretary under certain conditions, with J. P. Donohue assistant.

The new President then took the floor, and after a few appropriate remarks mentioned Messrs. Russell Holland and Hogan as a committee, which will be decided at the next meeting. It now being past 10 o'clock, the meeting adjourned, to to meet every Wednesday evening in the same place at 8 P.M. The next meeting will be devoted principally to business, and all the members are expected to be present.

The male members now number about eighteen, and the female members of the Sunday School about as many if not more.

An account of the object of the Society and what it intends doing, will be given in the next issue of the JOURNAL.

Over twenty deaf-mutes assembled in the rooms of the Manhattan Literary Association on Thursday, the 22d inst. The meeting was called to order by Vice-President Klingman. The continued absence of the Secretary, and President Geo. Farley, was the subject of considerable remark. After choosing a temporary Secretary, the business of the meeting began. Mr. Godfrey, moved that out of respect to President Garfield the meeting should adjourn. Mr. Froehlich, than arose and said he warmly seconded the motion and made a brief speech in which he enumerated the virtues of President Garfield and Lincoln. He was followed by Mr. Fitzgerald who also approved of the motion to adjourn, and moved that the Vice President should choose a committee from among the members of the Society to send resolutions of sympathy to the widow of the late President, and moved that they be published in the JOURNAL. He was followed by Mr. A. Ballin, who moved that as nearly all the members of the Association were present the meeting should not adjourn; but that there should be no meeting next week, and stated his reason. Mr. Godfrey again took the floor, and in a brief speech again supported his motion to adjourn.

The Vice President put Mr. Fitzgerald's motion before the society which was agreed to unanimously. He then selected Messrs. Froehlich, Fitzgerald and Rotter as a committee to draw up resolutions of sympathy.

Mr. Godfrey's resolution was then put to vote and was agreed to unanimously.

The Vice President then gave out notice that a special meeting would be held the following Tuesday at which the resolutions drawn up by the committee selected for that purpose would be presented to the association for approval.

PERSONAL JOTTINGS.

Mrs. Ward, of Newark, N. J., was at St. Francis Xaviers church last Sunday.

James P. Donohue went to the country a few days ago on a few weeks vacation. He is employed in a Bowery coffin factory.

Dennis Mahoney, who for some time past has been seriously ill, is reported to be on the road to recovery.

Several pupils of the New York Institution are preparing for confirmation in St. Francis Xavier's church.

There is a deaf-mute employed in a Myrtle avenue (Brooklyn) photograph gallery. He hails from Waterford, N. Y., where he has a wife.

The residence of the Dezendorfs in Brooklyn, is draped in mourning out of respect to the late President Garfield.

The show window of Pownall's stained glass works, on Hudson avenue, Brooklyn, contains many fine speciems of church window decoration.

"Terwilleger Fitzpatrick, Esq." was seen inspecting the hats in McCann's in the Bowery, on a recent Saturday. Something unusual must be afloat.

The many friends of Miss Gray, of the City of Churches, who is now in Kentucky, are glad to hear she is enjoying herself, and are gladder still to hear she will be among them again soon.

Ex-president McNally, of the C. L. U., is employed in a down town wholesale drug house. All deaf-mutes who come to this country from Europe secure good positioms. In some respects better than those obtained by American born deaf-mutes.

Charlie Valentine, of Brooklyn, has been a prominent player in several hot base-ball games in Prospect Park, during the summer.

The studio of Albert Ballin, New York's young and enterprising deaf mute artist, is at No. 4 East 14th st, and doubtless contains many specimens of his skill.

Messrs. Fox, Saxton, Dundon and Hathaway started for Kendall Green on Tuesday, 20th inst. The two latter graduated last June.

There is a great deal of talk among a select circle of deaf-mutes of a surprise party to take place in October or November of this year, but "Mum's" the word. When the event comes off, full particulars will be given.

G. L. Reynolds, Leo Greis, T. F. Fox were seen at St. Ann's last Sunday, the second named gentleman is cultivating a beautiful pair of whiskers, while those of the latter, which were a prominent feature a few weeks ago had varnished.

Tom Brown, of New York, is still employed in Nicol's Bowery tailor shop. He has been employed there for the past two or three years.

The "Institution for the Improved Instruction of Deaf-Mutes," formerly located at 44th Street and 7th avenue, opened September 7th, in its new and elegant buildings on 68th Street, on the east side of Central Park.

We hope that "Archmides" will go through the "grind" attendant to entering Columbia college with colors flying.

It is reported that there is a deaf-mute employed in the Metropolitan Job Printing office Ann Street, New York City, which is one of the largest and best job offices in the Metropolis.

Mr. John Hogan, of New York City, is employed in Trow's printing house in 12th Street. He reports busy times. During May, he worked on the city Directory.

X. X. X.

NEW YORK, Sept. 22, 1881.

The Danbury *News* tells of a man, on a New England farm, who being jolted off a mowing machine, was saved by falling on a rock. We can't see anything worth getting astonished about in that. What else, in a New England farm, could he have fallen on? —[*Texas Siftings.*

FROM HIERONYMUS.

How 125 Mute Girls got a Ducking.

PENNSYLVANIA INSTITUTION NOTES.

A Budget of Flavored and Spiced Paragraphs.

One of the new boys at the Pennsylvania Institution has but one arm.

It is said that "Sitting Bull" has gone to the grass.—Who, which, where?

"Allspice," just wait till we catch and pepper you, and then if we don't make you warm, there's no pepperhash in us.

Mr. Kiesel, a graduate of the N. D. M. College from Delaware and at present a teacher in the Columbia D. D. Inst., delivered last Thursday before an appreciative audience of the Clerc Literary Society his well-known essay on "The Earth as Transformed by Man."

Among the curiosities brought to the Institution by some of the young gent pupils after their last Saturday P.M. ramble, were a watermelon, a brick of chocolate and half a yard of fresh sausage.

One of the mutes who was mixed in the railroad smash up while returning to Philadelphia from the Harrisburgh Convention, was two days in getting over the shock.

"Queen Bess" of Erie, Pa., is in town visiting a friend. We have not seen her lately, however, because our humble station does not furnish us with an *entree* to royalty.

Chestnut street is now crowded with those tony aristos, who shut up their houses and get sunburnt in their back yard, also, with those who get tanned elsewhere "at fabulous prices."

Mr. H. P. Arms, Jr., a deaf teacher of the lithographic class at the Institution, is also to superintend the lithorgapnic department of the *Ideal*, a new daily illustrated paper of Philadelphia. Of course every thing about Mr. A. and the paper is to be *ideal*.

The majority of the intelligent mutes of Philadelphia, honestly believe that the puffing up of the D. M. Lyceum of the Philadelphia Y. M. C. A. by that "Old Crow" makes more unnecessary noise than all the old tin kettles and pans that might do bass service at an amateur parade of our uprising progeny. Thus truly has the poet written:

"Keen hollow winds howl through the bleak recess,
Emblem of music caused by emptiness."

Mrs. Snider, an old lady, and formerly a teacher in the Arkansas Institution, has taken the place vacated by Miss Garrett. The latter recently resigned her posiion as teacher of articulation in the Pennsylvania Institution to take charge of the new Day School for the Deaf and dumb in Philadelphia. This school, we understand, is to be managed by the Directors of Pennsylvania Deaf and Dumb Institution, and is to be conducted according to the articulation method of A. Graham Bell.

During last vacation, a good many rooms in the Pennsylvania Institution were pretty well daubed over with a hazy sky blue or greenish tint. If we're not mistaken, we were told it gives the skin a delicate transparent hue like that produced in the skin of arsenic eaters. We believe the story is worse than arsenic itself. Who will gulp it down?

We have good authority for the statement that one of those college chaps wrung his heart into despair because another college chap got the greater number of smiles from one of the fair damsels while attending the Harrisburg Convention. Guess who.

By special invitation of Prof. T. Jefferson Trist, Mrs Coulter, Misses Knabe and Barnard, and Messrs. Arms, Hitchock, Lee, and Elwell, all the teachers and perfects in the Pennsylvania Deaf and Dumb Inst., will occupy reserved seats next Friday evening in the Academy of Music to witness the performance of the latest great dramatic sensation, "Michael Strogoff." Four hundred men drill on the stage at the rehearsals, a fact from which we infer Mike is a greater and more "powerful organization" than We, Us & Co. Where is Felix, the head of the latter firm, anyhow?

The red, iron, posts which have been going up on Chestnut Street, and which look so much like improved telegraph poles, indicate that that popular thoroughfare will be lighted up with 49 electric lights by next November. Some of the city papers say it will be the best lighted street in the world. Store away your matrimonial cash, and spend your Christmas honeymoon Philadelphiaward.

Here is an item for "Terwelliger Fitzpatrick, Esq."

A certain deaf gent of the Quaker City had occasion to go out one cloudy afternoon, and being in doubt whether it would be better to take an umbrella than to go without one, went to the doorway to make observations of the hovering mists.

"You had better take an umbrella," said his mother, "a wise man takes an umbrella even when the sun shines."

"I guess I'll go without it then, and take one when the sun shines" was the prompt reply, and he went out without the diminutive and troublesome parachute.

It is unnecessary to go into every impossible detail of a new $25,000,000 marble City Hall like the one at Philadelphia, for the eleven years, has been throwing up into magnificent proportions.

Let the following figures puzzle the imagination:—

Length from North to South,	486 ft. 6 in.
Length from East to West,	470 ft.
Centre of clock face above the pavement,	361 ft.
Area,	4½ acres.
Total amount of floor room,	14½ acres.
Number of rooms in the building,	520.
Height of crowning statue of W. Penn,	36 ft.
Height of Main Tower,	535 ft.

Can any body name a higher building in the world?

Besides the fire buckets and portable fire-extinguishers with which the Penn. D. and D. Inst. has been hitherto supplied, new water pipes, and tanks and a stationary steam fire-engine have been run up and down the house and hyperbolically, miles of canvass hose have been provided as an additional precaution against fire.

Recently, when everything was parching up by the heat Old Sol's rays and by the drought, the pupils had a grand and luxurious sight seeing a trial of the hose or rather of the engine, and of the waste of water. A deluge of the element squirted upon the roofs of the school houses, poured down their walls and created quite a sensation, if not a revolution, in and outside the thermometers by depressing the mercury several degrees.

One of the latest stories of this town of Quakerdom is about

TAKING AN OATH BY A ROOSTER'S HEAD.

John Chinaman better known as Lee Tong, a Chinese laundryman had an oath to take the other day, at his Honor's place of business. After kissing the Sacred Book, the judge was told that the "heathen Chinee" did kot know the nature of a Christian oath.

"What is equivalent to it in Chinese?" asked the Court.

"Cutting off a rooster's head or breaking a saucer," the interpreter replied.

"I want the most solemn oath administered—decapitating a rooster, said Mr. Stevenson who represented Lee Tong.

"The Court said they would have no blood shed in the Temple of Justice, if the other form would do, and said "why don't you send to Wanamaker's and get a china set.

"If we send out for a saucer will your Honor try the case?" urged the Councel for the prosecution.

"It will require more than one saucer," said his Honor, looking at the regiment of Chinese witnesses in the case. After a little more ado, the case went over for another hearing when a rooster is to be submitted to an execution *a la* Charles I.

TWICE DIPPED INTO THE SEA.

"'Twas just too nice for any thing!" said one Miss to another. The person, who overeyed (not overheard) this exclamation, had no trouble in soon learning that the "'T" in the above remark had nothing to do with old maids' beverage nor with any thing else but salt water. This is how the ecstatic exclamation escaped: Last Wednesday all the girls of the Institution got permission to go out and buy all sorts of sweetmeats and bring them to the Institution to save until the next day. The next morning came and with it all the clouds and chill and threatening rain in Creation. Nevertheless, the street cars and ferry boats took a sweet load of more than 125 Misses of the Institution to the Camden and Atlantic Railroad Depot just in time to catch the 8 A.M. train for Atlantic City. A more silent and yet merrier crowd of feminine humanity, with sugared cheeks in their mouths, was never seen going whizzing sixty miles over rails. At last, when the two hours' ride was up, and everybody in the Chemistry class, said she smelt sodic chloride in the air, it was just right that that the kind hearted superintendent hired at least one hundred bathing suits and distributed them without distinction to race, color (we mean paint) or previous condition of servitude (and here we mean serving out a school term.) "'T was just too nice for anything," and so when all together, say 150, had dispatched a magnificent lunch at the Sea View House, when a contemplated sail on the ocean was given up on account the roughness of billows, when foot races on the beach had become stale fun and sea shells and sea weeds became a premium on account of their scarcity, another dip into the rough breakers became popular and was accordingly indulged in. One of the curiosities at Atlantic City was a newly-caught, dead shark hung up by its tail. The sharp teeth of the monster were objects of admiration by the numerous Misses who no doubt thought that a handsome necklace the incisors would make if strung together. The pupils arrived at the Institution at 8 P.M., feeling as clean as a new pin and as happy as a Jew's harp. Next Wednesday, the other half of the population of the School known as the "masculine persuasion" will be taken to Atlantic City to see what the ocean is like. May Old Neptune and the more venerable Phoebus smile benignantly on the day!

HIERONYMUS.

PHILADELPHIA, 9-19-1881.

DEAF WIT.

HOW DEAF-MUTES ARE MADE SPORT OF, AND SOME SPORT MADE BY DEAF-MUTES.

A Mixture of Humor and otherwise—Principally Otherwise.

BY TERWILLEGER FITZPATRICK, ESQ.

A mute printer says the best press ever made is two loving arms.

Jamful is the name of a Dakota deaf-mute. Names are very scarce out there.

An Arkansas semi mute female has been nick-named "Maud S.," because she is so fast.

Some deaf-mutes are never more possessed of the devil than when they are self-possessed.

However high a position a bald deaf-mute holds he will never comb down in the world.

If a deaf-mute's aim in this world be good, the chances are that he will miss fire in the next.

Deaf-mute men, like buckwheat cakes, always feel sweetest when surrounded by 'lasses.

Never call a deaf-mute empty-headed. Say he reminded you of a dilapidated contribution box.

It takes three scruples to make one drachm, but many a mute will take three drams without a scruple.

A mute girl went back on her bow-legged beau because she said she did not like to waltz in "brackets."

Some semi-mute females are like shot-guns. They would never attract attention if it were not for their bangs.

"Time works wonders," as the semi-mute female observed when she got spliced after a thirteen years' courtship.

One of the greatest trials of a semi-mute young lady's life is when she tries to get a half gallon foot into a quart shoe.

When in conversation a mute abruptly says, "Beg pardon!" he means that he wishes to do all the talking himself.

A deaf-mute has been going around exhibiting snakes in a box. We did not care to look at them. We see enough, anyhow.

A very sweet breath is said to be an indication of blood poisoning. We fear that blood poisoning is not epidemic among deaf-mutes.

If "none but the brave deserve the fair," and all mute men got their just deserts, there would be a multitude of good looking old maid mutes.

"My umbrella is getting deucedly shabby," said a New York semi-mute. recently. "I believe I will have to accompany my sister to prayer meeting the first rainy night."

We have heard considerable about the habit of some of our semi-mute girls of sitting on one leg. It's a very bad one, particularly if the leg doesn't belong to the young lady.

It is said there is no grander sight than a moving log jam; but perhaps, to the youthful deaf mute mind of some of our institutions, the moving peach jam to the mouth would excel in grandeur.

Curious what a change of sentiment or feeling takes place in our institution girls. When they are young, they like half a dozen birthdays a year; but as they grow old they don't care to have even one.

Five years ago, a young mute without a cent and with but one suit of clothes to his back, entered Chicago and begged his supper. Last week, he eloped with his employer's wife and ten thousand dollars in cash. Close application to business, coupled with pluck and industry wins every time.

When we saw that big, fat deaf-mute on the crowded Manhattan Literary Association's Picnic barge, with his elbows stuck out and his legs spread wide apart, while a poor woman stood waiting for a chance to sit down and rest her weary limbs, we sighed to think that nature had spoiled a very fine hog to make a wretched human being.

"Any thing new or fresh this evening," asked a JOURNAL reporter of a mute not many months since, at the rooms of the Manhattan Literary Association. "Yes," replied the mute addressed. "What is it?" queried the JOURNAL reporter, whipping out his note book. Said the mute, edging towards the door. "That paint you are learning against." Fifteen minates later that mute was in the hospital, and the JOURNAL reporter was writing an account of the fight.

TERWILLEGER FITZPATRICK, ESQ.

Gabe Tucker's Observations.

You may notch it on de palin's as a mighty resky plan
To make your judgment by de clo'es da' kivers up a man;
For I hardly needs to tell you how you often come across
A fifty dollar saddle on a twenty-dollar hoss.
An' wukin' in de low groun's, you diskiver as you go,
Dat de fines' shuck may hide de meanes nubbin in a row!

I think a man has got a mighty poor chance for Heben
Dats holds on to his piety but one day out of seben;
Dats talks about de sinners wid a heap o' solemn chat
And nebber draps a nickle in de missionary hat;
Dat's foremost in de meetin'-house for raisin all de chunes,
But lays away his 'ligion with his Sunday pantaloons!

I nebber judge o' people dat I meets along de way
By de places whar dey come fum an' de houses whar dey stay;
For de bantam chicken's awful fond o' roostin pretty high,
An' de turkey-buzzard sails above de eagle in de sky;
Dey ketches little minners in de middle ob de sea,
An' you finds de smalles' possum up de bigges' kind o' tree!

An Interesting Event in Lynn, Mass.

THE ORGANIZATION OF A DEAF-MUTE MISSION.

An audience, composed of deaf-mutes and other people, assembled in the elegant new hall of the Young Men's Christian Association, on Sunday of last week. The occasion was a concert given by the Deaf Mute Society or Mission, which holds its services and prayer-meetings in the building, under the charge of Rev. Samuel Rowe, a deaf-mute missionary. Our city, though containing so many "children of silence" as would form a society, has long been a neglected field—neglected by the Salem Society, which collects money from the people of our city, and neglected by the Bay State Deaf-Mute Mission, managed by John T. Tillinghast, of New Bedford, which collects money from all the State for the professed object of furnishing services in towns like ours, which have no deaf-mute organizations, but with the real object of feathering the nest of the ultra-pious J. T. T., and paying his expenses to conventions.

But to return to the subject. The concert was opened with the declamation of a hymn in a very graceful manner by Mrs. Persis S. Bowden. Then Rev. Samuel Rowe read a few verses from the Bible to the deaf-mutes, and Rev. Mr. Gambell, one of our leading clergymen, a very pleasant looking man, read the verses to the hearing people present. A declamation in a duet was given by Mrs. O. A. Smith and Mrs. Martin, a new thing in deaf-mute pantomime. Then Mr. Rowe read a sermon, followed as before by Rev. Mr. Gambell. His subject was "Bible Class Attendance." He was listened to with attention from all. He pleaded in favor of a Bible-Class as a good thing for deaf-mutes. Mr. Harry White was then introduced to the audience as a teacher in the School for Deaf-Mutes at Beverly, and a recent graduate of the National College at Washington, upon which he read an address to the Y. M. C. A. and the public, in behalf of the good work which Rev. Samuel Rowe was doing among the mutes of Lynn. His paper was read aloud by Rev. Mr. Gambell, after which the latter begged to be excused as his time was up and he had to preach in his own church. It was certainly very kind of him to come and help our Mission, when he was so busy. His place, as interpretor, was taken by Mr. Goldsmith, a brother of a deaf-mute of that name in Cambridgeport, who was acquainted with a few signs.

Another clergyman, named Rev. Mr. Hill, next arose to speak a few words to his friends, and he said, without recognizing their peculiarity from other people. All men and women are equals in his sight, whether they be blind, deaf and dumb or endowed with all their faculties, as long as they had the power to pray. The Indian chief, Black Hawk, once came to see the "Great Father" at Washington. The then President expected to see the poor Indian fall down upon his knees in the presence of the chief magistrate of a mighty nation, which numbered, to use a metaphor of his own race, as the sands upon the seashore, or as Byron would express it, "innumerable as the leaves that strew the vale of Vallambrosa;" but lo! the untaught Son of Nature drew himself proudly up to his full height and faced the President with dignity but without pride, for, as he afterwards said, "the 'Great Father' was but a man and so was he, Black Hawk."

Rev. Mr. Hill said many other pleasant things which can not be written down here. He was succeeded by the Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., who extended a warm welcome to the mutes of Lynn to the rooms and the privileges of the Association. He assured them that he was very much interested in their Mission, and he knew many who shared that interest. Deaf-Mutes are no strangers to him, for he had charge of the Y. M. C. A., of Boston, at a time when the deaf-mutes of that city held weekly services in Tremont Temple. He was glad to meet them again, and closed with bidding them welcome to the Association. His remarks were received with much pleasure. A greeting so frank and cordial was very gratifying to those for whom it was intended.

The concert was closed with prayer by Rev. Mr. Hill. The hand of fellowship was extended to all the mutes by Rev. Mr. Hill, the Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. and others. Altogether, the occasion was a very interesting one to all concerned. and Rev. Samuel Rowe who, by the way, had acquired his title by a vote of the clergymen of his denomination, has good reason to feel encouraged in the laudable work he has undertaken, in a place neglected by others.

BRIEFLETS.

Our new comers are Mr. and Mrs. Allard, who have secured a good job in this city.

Reynolds, the notorious house-breaker of New York, who has served several years in a Pennsylvania penitentiary, has been living here for several years under an assumed name, but he has to all appearances, reformed and is leading a sober industrious life, working steadily at his position.

Mrs. Burrill has gone to Providence for the sake of her health and is not expected back for two months. Her husband is inconsolable.

The funniest thing at the deaf-mute concert was the question asked by Rev. Mr. Hill, if Mr. White was studying for the ministry.

John Butler has just got a steady situation here. His wife and baby live in Beverly, and he goes there every day after his work.

I forgot to mention in the first part of my letter that Miss Stone rendered a hymn in signs at the concert.

Rev. Samuel Rowe conducts the Bible-Class and prayer-meeting here every week. He does not live here, but in Westboro. Miss Mann, a teacher in Hartford, has been staying at his house all the summer, as also has Miss Wright.

ST. CRISPIN.

LYNN, Sept. 14, '81.

QUAKER CITY ITEMS.

School opened the first Wednesday of September, and the day closed with many arrivals. Of the few who had arrived before the specified time, "Bella L——" was the first, she having returned immediately after attending the Convention. "First to arrive, and first to leave." Others came soon after, and as they increased the fear that ghosts or white figures haunted the dark, silent, large dormitories, which some had entertained diminished considerably, though not wholly. Poor creature! Where was the night watchman? Too bad or too good; choose either: —Farmer Hagy, of Connecticut, has made a *mammoth* change of mind—yes, a very powerful one. Instead of sacrificng the pleasures of school-life forever, as he had once firmly determined, he has wisely concluded to return, and complete his fourth year.

Would it not suit "Mignon" better if "Hieronymus" consented to sign the tobacco pledge? We honestly confess the cigar is not perhaps so unsightly as those two flourishing dimples on his cheeks.

"Allspice" who apparently occupied one of the highest church steeples in Harrisburg, succeeded in collecting a good many "worthies" and "unworthies." Lucky man!

Principal Foster has been the luckiest man of the season—the last I mean. An accident befell him which almost resulted in his death. However, he luckily escaped.

"Little Rep" is O. K.

"Business men have many a care
Of which you may not be aware,"
and—
"Though we have leisure they have not."

The latest and the best improvement that "Billy" has made, is the throwing away of "de nasty segar," with the intention of becoming a wise boy. We think "The Tramp Law in its relation to deaf-mutes" was the most important topic discussed at the Convention in Harrisburg; and readily agree with "Allspice" in extending the author a liberal appropriation.

Philadelphia is undergoing many changes at present. A goodly number of rich edifices are in the course of erection. Hope fire will not be so cruel as to destroy them again after the trouble in rebuilding them is over.

Prof. J. M. Koehler read two dissertations before the convention and only got one published. Now, why was not the other published too? We think it is just as good as the other; for, is he not the author of both?

Prof. Koehler will receive our sincere thanks by sending his dissertation on the "Labor Problem" to the JOURNAL for publication. We should be pleased to read it.

Willie Herrick, of Pittsburg, paid us a flying visit this week. He also visited New York City and a few other places.

We have been frequently asked the whereabout of Mr. Sharrar, which are unknown to us. Is he still sojourning with the fair sex in Lancaster?

Mr. Kiesel delivered a very interesting discourse before a lively gathering of deaf-mutes in the Parish building of St. Stephen's church on Thursday evening. His subject was "Sweet heart," a word that is equally dear in name, as in meaning. Wonder how the orator got so much valuable information concerning that subject.

Willie, of No 1108 South 13th St., needs a little criticism. He should be happy to know that the frequent repetition of the words "the writer" in his articles are very common and occasionally too eg———.

Through the kindness of Pres. Zimmerman, of the Camden and Atlantic R. R., the female pupil of the Institution received free passage to Atlantic City on Thursday. Will "Bella L—" or "Violet" tell us how they enjoyed themselves through the JOURNAL? The boys are going next Wednesday. Then "Hieronymus" or Little "Rep" has to explain.

Guiteau, is the second Arnold of America. It seems he has but one friend in all the world, and that is a deaf mute. What a disgrace upon our class!

PUNCHINELLO.

News from Chicago.

Miss Annie Nannery, formerly a pupil of the Illinois State School for Mutes, and who has a deaf-mute sister, was in Chicago lately.

Mr. Robert Thomas, of Oakville, Ca., has been visiting in Chicago. He was once a resident of the city, acting in the capacity of book-keeper for a firm which has since disolved.

A portion of the mutes are endeavoring to organize a sort of a "club." as they have no regular place of meeting at present.

Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Christian recently had a fountain of joy made to order, which gives entire satisfaction, and is a perpetual source of pleasure. The fountain is of novel construction, being a veritable living girl babe weighing eight pounds.

The other morning your scribe had the pleasure of a handshaking with Mr. Frank Booth, the gallant editor of the *Deaf-Mute Hawkeye*, and son of our Anamosa giant. The next morning witnessed the presence of Miss Mary C. Bierce, a teacher in the Ohio State Mute School.

Miss Annie Wickton, a newly-appointed teacher of the Minnesota Deaf-Mute School, was in Chicago in the middle of the month.

The great Robert D. Livingstone has been walking the streets of our city lately. It is suggested that some one write a book entitled, "R. D. Livingstone's Travels Round the World."

S. T. Englehardt, of Milwaukee, was enjoying himself with some of the mutes on the 17th inst.

Lars M. Larson, conjectured by some to be the coming deaf-mute Moody, was the guest of Prof. Emery last week.

Eddie Levi, the mute clown of Chicago, embarks for New York City on the 27th inst.

The inability of the average deaf-mute to write good English has long been a subject for comment among leading educators of the deaf and dumb and the subject is one of general interest to deaf-mutes. It would not be entirely in keeping with reason to expect one born deaf and speechless to accomplish as much as one in the full enjoyment of all his senses. But it is a fact that our language is the common criterion by which we are judged. This is more especially true with hearing people—a fact lately made public in an educational magazine. The greater number of deaf-mutes as pupils, in all of our State mute schools, strongly incline to arithmetic as their favorite study, and have very little taste for English. As mutes have but one method of holding communication with the world after leaving school, and that *not by figures*, all means should be employed to inculcate in them a love for the English language. The same fault—if it can be so termed—exists, to a considerable extent, among the pupils of our public and high schools, and in commenting thereon the magazine alluded to says:

"It is the current belief of competent judges of our schools, who know them by their fruits, that school work in language is much inferior to that which is done in arithmetic and other studies commonly taught in the public schools. They say emphatically that the greater part of the pupils, upon leaving the schools, neither speak nor write with reasonable correctness. Their vocabulary is limited, their talk abounds in vulgarisms and their knowledge of grammar is wholly useless."

It will thus be seen that deaf-mutes are not the only class who are deficient in English.

J. E. G.

From "Jersey Blue."

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I am sorry to find out that it is untrue that Miss Gamage is teaching the mute daughter of a wealthy family in Trenton. My wife was informed so by a pupil at the N. Y. Institution, who called at my residence during my absence last summer. I guess there must have been a misunderstanding somewhere.

I am somewhat interested with H. C. Rider's address at the Empire State Deaf-Mute Association, about "Steady employment for Deaf-Mutes," "Certainly birds of a feather flock together." I can hardly meet a person who is willing to do the charitable act of employing a deaf-mute, unless it is to get him to work for low wages, or none at all. I have come across two deaf-mutes, who have been working for several years in Bucks County, Pa., for nothing but their board and clothes. Those two deaf-mutes often call on me. and both are very stout fellows, capable of doing any kind of work on a farm. Both are graduates of the Pennsylvania Institution. When they told me that they were working for nothing but their board and clothes, I said I was surprised, and asked them why do you work like slaves and be fed like pigs. I would lynch my employer to an apple tree if he refused to pay me my wages for so long a time. I soon got them excited over the question, and both determined to leave their places at once unless their employer agreed to pay them their wages. I obtained a place for one on a farm with my brother-in-law, for fair wages. The other also got a place on a farm on the Jersey side of the Delaware River. We occasionally meet a deaf-mute wandering about looking for employment. We should not mock them, or think strange of them, for, indeed, it is very hard for a deaf-mute to find work among strangers. If he cannot write language well enough for a person to understand him, try and help him all you can. One of the greatest difficulties is having to converse by writing, and most hearing persons suppose it will take too much time to write to show you what to do; but this is a mistake. There are many branches of business that are performed without any talking over it, still they make a number of excuses not to employ you. Don't get discouraged, hold fast like a leech. I have held a position at a salary of $1,000 per annum, for upwards of two years, and had been discharged without any reasons except that of being deaf. I know a very intelligent deaf-mute, who could not find employment for over a year after he left school, and was at last obliged to take up work in a whiskey distillery for $1.00 per day which he submitted to very reluctantly.

H. C. Rider seems to have a good idea for deaf-mutes to organize and enquip as a stockholder's colony, and embark into beet raising, &c., out West. It would undoubtedly be a good plan if fair means could be devised for such a purpose, but has not Dr. Gallaudet considsred the questton long ago, and what would the result be? I would not like to say publicly myself.

We are glad that Rev. Mr. Syle has at last made arrangements to come to New Jersey to lecture to us deaf-mutes. I guess he would not meet with over two or three deaf-mutes in Trenton, but if he comes to Stockton, N. J., let him give us two week's notice, and we will try to get together on the appointed day.

JERSEY BLUE.

Pennsylvania Institution.

MR. EDITOR:—As Little Rep has served out his school term here, and seems to be no one else who wants to become an institution correspondent, I am obliged to undertake it. This Institution has always had a correspondent for years gone by. They have almost all been in their last year and so there had to be a new one if we want the Institution to be among the popular. So there was. There was always one who voluntarily undertook it.

On the 16th, Mr. John Weaver was re-elected President of the pupils' society, and his brother, William, was re-elected Vice-President. There had to be an addition of three new officers in the place of the three who retired from school. The president and officers had no idea that they could get more than three who would suit them. They had concluded to choose three, but two of these declined for some reason. One of them is the writer. They then concluded that they could manage with six. The names of the other four officers besides those two mentioned are Messrs. McDonnell, Harrin, Harah and Humphrey.

The pupils have not quite all returned yet, but all are expected before October. There are at present 165 pupils here, of which about 40 are new. Many of them are quite small, varying between the ages of eleven and fifteen years. Professors Burnside and Elwell have each a class of twenty new pupils. Prof. Pratt has now charge of the high class. The vacancy of Miss Garrett, Articulation teacher, has been filled by a Mrs. Snider. She is quite tall and stout in body. Miss Garrett's pupils here miss her very much, because she was always a kind and loving teacher to them. They think that no one can hardly ever fill her place.

The tailor shop was opened on the 19th inst. It has received an addition of 15 new boys to fiill the places of those retired. It has also got an addition of a new Wheeler & Wilson sewing machine. It has now three machines. The operators are Messrs. Humphrey, Pollock and Hagy. As about half of the tailors are new, work there is going on quite slowly. The shoe shop was also opened at same time. It has also many new boys. Lithography has also begun There are only three left who are learning it on stones, of whom a Mr. Chas. Eaton is copying the likeness of Rev. Dr. Sunderland, a director of the Deaf-Mute College. It will be a nice piece of work when it is finished. Of the new lithography class chosen last year, over half have been suitable to such an art; the others have retired, and are at tailoring. Mr. Arms, the teacher, expects to have another class in addition to the one he has, in October.

On the 21st, we received a free excursion to Atlantic City through the kindness of Mr. Zimmerman. The day being fine, we enjoyed the trip splendidly. Before taking dinner we enjoyed a very good bath in the wavy ocean. Some went and had their pictures taken in their bathing suits. Soon they were called out, dressed up and got ready for dinner. One of the new pupils, a negro, could not find the closet in which he had hung his clothes. He went around and looked in every one; but when he found that they were not in the closets in which which he looked, he gave an angry scream and went on until he found them. It was a laughable incident to those who witnessed it. When all were ready we marched to the Excursion House on Massachussetts Ave., near the ocean, where our dinner was prepared by our assistant matron, Mrs. Lewis, a lady director, our teachers and some servants. We enjoyed an excellent dinner.

After dinner. the writer, in company with "Little Rep" and some others, again got bathing suits, and had their pictures taken in them. It took quite long time to have them taken. When all was done they left one of their number to get them when they were all finished, and were out in the waves in a minute and enjoyed another bath. At about half-past four we began to gather together at the depot. When all were there the train was soon bound for Camden. As we were all tired, some of us fell asleep on the train. We arrived at home soon after dark, very much pleased with our trip.

BREVITIES.

Chilly mornings.
Rain is expected.
Tears flow in streams.
Little Rep took tea with us on Sunday.
Two of our pupils have been to the Convention.
The Institution has a new subscriber for the JOURNAL.
We will be glad to read the correspondence of "Double you."
Prof. Kiesel visited us a short time ago and we were glad to see him.
The C. L. S. is expected to be reorganized at the beginning of October.

LIBERTY.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 24, 1881.

Reminiscenses of Fanwood.

NUMBER 4.

A SHAKESPEARIAN DISCUSSION.

In one of my previous "Reminiscenses of Fanwood" I mentioned the fact that Henry Dennis, of Denmark, was much addicted to reading the immortal (and some times immoral) Bard of Avon. One day he came into the High Class room and began to spout from the opening scene in "Macbeth," and would probably have gone straight through the whole play if Kouponeti had not cut him short at the third line—

"When the hurly-burly's done"

with "What on earth are you talking about. Why, my dear Harry, it is astonishing that a man so well read in Shakespeare as yourself should adopt that nonsensical reading! What is 'Hurly-burly' pray? There is no such word in the language; you can't find an an allusion to it in Webster." Harry, whose veneration for Webster was only inferior to that which he entertained for the great poet himself, said; "Indeed, are you sure there is not? What can be the reason for the omission? The word, you see, is used by Shakespeare" "No such thing," was the reply; "it appears so indeed in one or two early editions, but it is evidently mistranscribed. The second folio is the best and most authentic copy, and gives the true reading though the old nousense is still retained upon the stage." "Indeed, and what do you call the true reading?"

"Why, of course, the same that is followed by Johnson and Stevens in the edition in the Institution library—

"When the *early* purl is done—"

that is, when we have finished our "early purl—*i. e.*, directly after breakfast."

Harry was startled, and after looking steadily at Kouponeti to see if he could discover any indication of an intention to hoax him, became quite puzzled at the gravity of the chief's countenance, and only said hesitatingly, "Nonsense"

"Nonsense! It is as I assure you. We will send for the book, and see what Stevens says in his note upon the passage."

The book was accordingly sent for, but Kouponeti took good care to intercept it, before it reached the hands of Harry, and taking it from the messenger pretended to read from the volume—

"When the hurly-burly's done."

"Some copies have it "When the *early purl* - is done,' and I am inclined to think this reading, the true one, if the well-known distich he worthy of credit—

"Hops, reformation, turkeys, and beer.
Came to England all in one year,'

This would fix the introduction of beer, and consequently of early purl, into the country about that period of Henry VIII's reign when he intermarried with Anne Boleyn, the mother of Queen Elizabeth, Shakespeare's great friend and patroness, and to whom this allusion may perhaps been intended by the poet as delicate compliment. Purl, it is well-known, was a favorite beverage at the English court during the latter part of the sixteenth century,' and from the epithet then affixed to it "early" an adjunct which still retains, was no doubt in common use for breakfast at a time when the China trade had not yet made our ancestors familiar with the produce of the tea plant. Theobald's objection, that whatever may have been the propriety of its introduction at the court of Elizabeth, the mention made of it at that of Macbeth would be a great anachronism, may be at once dismissed as furtile. Does not Shakespeare in the very next scene talks of

'Cannons overcharged with double crack's,

and is not allusion made by him to the use of the same beverage at the court of Denmark, at a period coeval, or nearly so, with that under consideration—

'Hamlet, this purl is mine'"

"But," broke in Harry, "that is pearl, not *purl*. I remember Booth used to hold up a pearl, and let it drop into the cup." "Sheer misconception on the part of the actor."

Here Joggles, who was present, observed "'Early purl' is all very well, but my own opinion always has been that a political allusion is intended it is

"When the *Earl of Burleigh's* done'

that is, we have "done," *i. e.*, cheated or deceived, the Earl of Burleigh, a great statesman, you know, Elizabeth's time, and one whom, to use a cant phrase in vogue, "you must get up early in the morning to take in?"

"But what had Macbeth and the witches to do with the Earl of Burleigh? Stuff! Nonsense," said Harry indignantly. And though Joggles made a good fight in defense of his version, yet his opponent would not listen to it for an instant.

"No, No," he continued, "the Earl of Burleigh is all rubbish, though there may be something in the other reaching."

And as the book was closed directly the passage had been repeated, and was replaced immediately on the shelf. the unsuspicious Harry went away thoroughly mystified, especially as Llewellyn, for whose acquaintance with early English, Greek, Latin and Irish literature he had a great respect confirmed the emendation with

"'Early purl.' Pooh Pooh, to be sure it is 'early purl' It is so in my copy." CYRIL CADWALLADER.

Worcester, Mass., News.

By order of our President, C. E Knight, our meeting will reopen on the second of October after a vacation of nearly three months. All friends will remember that our rooms will be at the Y. M. C. A., 411 Main St., Worcester, Mass.

I am feeling very sad upon the death of our beloved President, and never saw the public draped in mouring as it is now.

He who was so great and pure on earth will be still greater in heaven where all *cares are over*.

Mr. Knight and his wife have been away on a two weeks vacation.

Mr. Knight will enter into shop work hereafter.

Mr. Wm. H. Green and wife have not as yet returned from their three weeks visiting.

Mr. Cutter, of Lancaster, has a good position as Carpenter in the Lancaster mills in Clinton near his beloved pal.

Domestic Recipes.

PEACH BUTTER.—Pare ripe peaches and put them in a preserving kettle, with sufficient water to boil them soft; then sift through a colander. removing the stone. To each quart of peach put 1½ pounds sugar, and boil very slowly one hour. Stir often and do not let them burn. Put in stone or glass jars, and keep in a cool place.

WARM WEATHER BREAKFAST CAKES.—Take one cup of molasses, one cup of brown sugar, one cup of sour milk, four cups of flour, four teaspoonfuls of soda, not heaping, but even full, one teaspoonful each of cinnamon salt and ginger one egg; bake in gem tins. These will keep well for a week.

HOW TO COOK EGG PLANT.—Pare and cut the egg plant in thin slices; let it stand for two or three hours in cold water, well salted, which removes a strong flavor and makes it more delicate; when thoroughly drained, dip each slice into egg and cream, well beaten (two eggs and two tablespoontuls of cream,) then into cracker crumbs. Have ready a large frying kettle of boiling lard, frying a few slices at a time; they need room if you would have them delicate and crisp. Stewed tomato is very nice with egg plant.

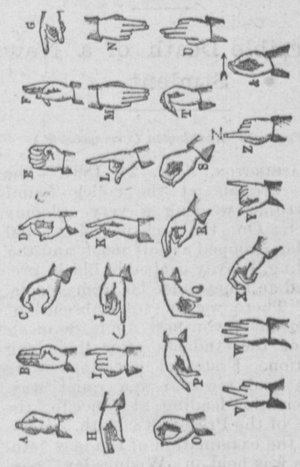
APPLE CHEESE CAKES.—Take one pound of apples, boiled and pulped through a sieve, one pound powdered white sugar, the juice and grated rinds of three large fresh lemons, and four eggs well beaten. Mix these ingredients carefully. and put them in a sauce-pan, in which you have a quarter of a pound of fresh butter melted. Stir it constantly over a slow fire for half an hour, and let it cool. Line pie-dishes with fine puff-paste pour in the apple mixture, and bake without upper crust in a quick oven. Sprinkle with powdered sugar, and serve when perfectly cold.

Horse-Shoes.

The brief in witchcraft, which in years gone by was so extensively entertained, has no yet died out, and in many country villages it is regarded as one of those secret dangers to which every home is more or less exposed. Hence we find various devices still resorted to for the purpose of counteracting the supposed hurtful influence of this baneful power, instances of of which we subjoin. Thus, according to a common idea, one of the best preservatives is a horse-shoe nailed to to the threshold. The reason of this is said to be that Mars, the god of war, and the war horse, was thought to be an enemy of Saturn, who, according to a mediæval idea, was the liege lord of witches. Thus, iron instruments of any kind have been said to keep witches at bay—a superstition which has been traced back the time of the Romans, who drove nails into the walls of their houses as an antidote against the plague. Mr. Napier says that he has seen the horse-shoe in large beer-shops in London, and was present in the parlor of one of these when an animated discussion arose as to whether it was most effective to have the shoe nailed behind the door or upon the first step of the door. Both positions had their advocates, and instances of extraordinary luck were resounted as having attended them.—*Dyer's Domestic Folk-Lore.*

A creditors motto: Never put off till to-morrow what can be dunned to-day.—Greenfield Republican.

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